Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XIV. PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 11, 1835. Whole No. 715.

Park Hotel, New York.

From the Ladies' Companion.

This massive structure, now being erected by the wealthiest individual in the state of New York, as a memento to survive him and transmit his name to posterity, fronts upon Broadway, extending from Vesey to Barclay streets. A more admirable situation could scarcely be imagined. In front the eye rests upon the trim grass plots and the foliage of the park—which relieve, at a little distance, the white columns and neat architecture of the City Hall; on one side stands St. Paul's Church, with its tonic portico and beautiful steeple; and within a stone's throw, are the American Museum, and the Park Theatre. On a fine day at noon, and an hour or two after, crowds of beauty and fashion, domestic and imported, fill this part of the promenade of Broadway, for Astor's Hotel is on the *fashionable* side of Broadway, and here you are sure to find the *elite of the* commercial metropolis. Nothing could tempt them to cross over to the Park side of the street. That is appropriated to mere vulgar pedestrians, mechanics, and bustling men of business. Until some new decree, therefore, is proclaimed by the despots of fashion, the whiskered dandy and the dashing belle must continue to lounge and flutter upon the pavement before the ample portal of the new hotel. This, of course, will be no trifling attraction to visitors from Europe, or from other parts of the union. The stone used in the building is of a grayish hue, and remarkable for its durability; it is taken from the quarries of Massachusetts; the effect will be rather sombre, but this species of stone is well adapted to the climate, and not subject to the discoloration which is sure to mar the appearance of white marble when exposed to our atmosphere.

J. R. S.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

An Extract from a Poetical Epistle.

* * * * * *

O! the epic may scoff at the dear little creatures,
And the selfish old misanthr'ope laugh at, or scorn,
But who hath not loved them with all their ill features?
And who hath not felt they could love in return?

Though this be a vain one—tho' that be conceited—
Though one be cross-stitch—the other a prude—
Yet all have some claims to be kindly entreated:
And what's a few bad amongst a million of good!

Alas! how dissatisfied, rash, and insatiable,
The lonely heart feels in its most joyous nights!
'Till sick of itself, at the wine cup, and table,
It rants, or seeks to, in social delights.

But solitude here was intended for no man;
And not, hath loathsome disease in its train
Whilst the pure, sexless love, of a loud, dooting woman,
Is the only enjoyment unmingled with pain!

Enjoyment! (a word without meaning!) a minute
With one whose whole heart, feelings, thoughts, are your own,
Hath more zest, exquisite, happiness, in it
Than whole years of revelry boast of alone!

And then in the moments of bliss, or of sadness,
As the world frowns, or smiles, how delightful with one,
Who will weep when you weep, or will share in your gladness,
To feel that indeed you're a world of your own!

In joy, or in grief, or in mirth, or in danger,
When friends, or when fortune forsake—as they will—
To smile at their spite, in their terrors a stranger,
Yet the wife of your bosom will cherish you still!

* * * * * *

SENEX.

A LIFE.

"——behold!
Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
As if its lid were charged with washed tears.
What could her grief be?"

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind!
Thou art not so unkind,
As man's ingratitude."

There are those who will recognize the incidents of the following history, for they, perhaps, once knew and it as, they never can forget—its subject. But the time has passed when the recital might have rounded the lessons of the living—and it may prove of benefit—for these incidents contain a moral—and though that moral has been so frequently presented, that some may almost deem it trite, it is not for this reason the less important, and therefore should not be the less regarded. It is wise to profit by each and less of experience, and to learn with increased attention to these warnings of sober truth, which so often repeated—are alas!—almost as often, unheeded.

Margaret V. W. B——, was born in the village of T——, State of New York, 17—. Her family were of high respectability, and her father possessed considerable wealth. The name of her mother still lives in the literature of our country, and her effusions during the turmoil and excitement of the revolution, some of them breathing the united inspiration of poesy and patriotism, cannot even now be read without the warmest feelings of admiration for the elevated genius and ardent devotion to country and to liberty, of that pure minded and noble souled woman. Margaret gave indications at an early age, that she inherited the brilliant imagination and poetic powers of her gifted mother. Her pen almost as soon as she could hold one, was employed in embodying the beautiful though imperfect conceptions of her young genius—theirs was the bud-like beauty of rich promise, so full of touching interest, and so emblematic of our fondly cherished hopes. Often, ere the days of playful infancy were passed, would this child of thought take her solitary musing walk—when the glow of sunset was upon the still waters of the west—to indulge the delicious reverie which the spirit of poetry awakened in her mind;—and often, with her chosen companion by her side—who looked up to her with wonder—for she understood not the strange workings of the expanding intellect—but who felt for her a sister's love, mingled with that involuntary reverence which is nature's homage to superiority—would she sit absorbed in silent meditation—

Where glowing embers through the room,
Taught light to counterfeit a gloom.

That companion still lives—and it is delightful to listen to her account of her early attachment and the first development of her friend's genius in these happy days.

Margaret lost her mother in her infancy. To any of us—at such a period—how can such a loss be supplied?—But to lose such a mother!—to such a daughter, well may the misfortune be pronounced incalculable—and so did it prove!

As Margaret ripened into womanhood, it would have been difficult to imagine a more interesting being—her form was graceful and elegant, her features were fine, and her countenance beamed with intellectuality. She had the dark eye and deep melodious voice of an Italian improvatrice; and to look upon her was to be satisfied of the truth and beauty of Byron's bold figure, which he really seemed to think, needed a note of explanation or apology—

"The music breathing from her face."

Yet who cannot understand, who has not felt the influence of this music in his heart of hearts, as he has drank it in, enamoured! To look upon this radiant girl, full of genius, accomplishment, beauty, and fascination, with an imagination that threw its romance over every object, and a sensibility that overflowed with sympathy for human suffering, educated in all the delicate refinements of polished life, the adulration of the social circle, and intended, as it would seem to be one of the fairest, brightest ornaments of our common place existence, and to tread on thornless roses through her own selected elevated path—who would have supposed, that for this lovely one, so dark a destiny was prepared, and that for her, misfortune had gathered up his gloomy store of keenest sufferings and most revolting ills! Genius gives no exemption from human weakness, on the contrary, too much ardency of feeling and susceptibility of impression are its usual concomitants.

It was the fate of Margaret B——e to believe the rich treasure of her heart upon one who was unworthy of man's friendship, much more, therefore, was he unworthy of woman's love. F——, was a young man of remarkably handsome person and captivating manners, but selfish, dissipated, and unprincipled. His family and that of Mr. B——e, who had married again, and removed to the city of New York, occasionally visited, and F—— saw and as he believed and vowed, loved that *fair girl of genius and imagination, whose worth such a soul as his could not possibly have appreciated*, even had it not been steeped in sensuality and stained with sin. He was indeed smitten with her personal charms, but her feeling for him, was love—all such a woman's first engrossing love. Her father discovered the growing attachment and warned his daughter of the danger of encouraging it for one of whom rumour spoke in terms of such severity.—Ah! where was the mother, then, to counsel and advise! her father's wife was not *her mother*—hers, was a mind of common mould, she could not understand, and she did not love her husband's daughter, but she, that lay beneath the green sod in the little far off church-yard of T——, she, the sainted one, who had just gazed upon and joyed in the opening powers of a mind so congenial to her own, and then obeyed the summons that called her to a holier, happier sphere—her gentleness might have won the gentle being who loved her with a daughter's pure devotion, and preserved her child from the bitter pangs of trampled feeling, blasted hope, and keen adversity's accumulated woes, but a mother's sighs, a mother's tears—were not for her: her mother was in her grave; and Margaret felt—aye, felt indeed, that another filled her accustomed place in her father's home!

Mr. B——e forbid F—— his house. It produced apparently a beneficial effect upon F——, he seemed to feel the sting of self degradation; and with it came an increase of passion for the lovely girl, all hopes of whom appeared now to be cut off forever. Margaret wept upon her father's neck, confessed her weakness and acknowledged that he was right, but yet, she *loved*.—She listened to the detail of his offances, but she felt, that notwithstanding all—*her heart was his, was wholly his*, and could never, never, acknowledge another for its lord. F—— made a resolve, a noble one if he had kept to it, he would reform and deserve her, but it was the resolve of a man, selfish, as well as profligate. He sent her an epistle, redolent with assurances of undying attachment and vows of eternal fidelity, and with confessions of conscious unworthiness, oft repeated promises of future virtue and an exemplary life, and took his departure for a foreign land, to try the effect of absence upon his affection and his fame. How he spent his time abroad, I know not, but it is to be feared that a separation from the reproving tones, the regretful glances of relatives and friends for whom and whose feelings some small respect still lingered, in his case as in others, gave only confirmation to the way of licentiousness, and removed the remnant of control from the increasing indocence of a gross and selfish sensuality. But he returned with appearances of amendment, and its language upon his lips. His connections wished it to be so, were willing it should be thought so, and spoke as if they believed it. She, the devoted girl, was the first to be deceived, her imagination drew his mental portrait, and she believed it to the life, she created graces, and thought them his, he had been imbued in the hues of her own romantic mind, and he was to her, what that adorning mind had made him, not what he was, the degraded, fettered slave of self indulgence. He whispered the oft heard, oft violated vow, and she believed—thus has it been, thus will it be again, who knows not love's proverbial blindness! Fathers are keener sighted. Her's was not deceived. But alas! it is not a singular case, that a father's advice should be unavailing, a father's grief unthought of, in the inflatuation of passion—

Who loves—raves,

says one who knew the chords of human feeling, and had touched them with a master's hand, to whom they were familiar as the strings of his melancholy lyre. There was an elopement and a secret marriage. She left a letter imploring the forgiveness of her injured father. What a consolation for the loss of an only child, who had now linked her fate with one whom he knew to be a profligate and a hypocrite.

The die was cast, and Margaret B——e was the wife of F——. She had gone forth from beneath her father's roof, confiding in his truth—he was to be a husband, father, all—the prop around which her young affections might cling and be secure, such was hope's flattering tale. She proved its falsehood—the illusion vanished, and an internal voice, heard for the first time, forboded, that sweet peace of mind, the angel guest (alas, that it should be *winged!*) was to be her's no longer. For a moment, however, one even less sanguine than the fond wife, might have deemed the prospect fair. F—— appeared indeed to have undergone a change. He attended to the duties of his profession, he was a physician, and his home presented domestic attraction enough to detain him in those nightly hours, which had hitherto been devoted to heartless revelry and guilty pleasures. He seemed most kind, and was assiduous in attentions to his wife; and these were favorable symptoms of that real and permanent reform, the eternally vaunted, and sometimes fortunate result of a rake's marriage. It was only for a season, the mirage of the desert, the early cloud, the morning dew, it might be compared to any thing remarkably transient, we need be at no loss for a simile. F—— rejoined his boon companions, and returned to his former haunts of vice, with an increase of eagerness from a temporary suspension of the degrading pursuit. He did not come home at times until long after midnight, and then in a state of high inebriation. The *eyes* that told where tears had been, the desponding countenance and tremulous voice of his wife, who kept her painful and solitary vigil, full of apprehensions' dark fancies and the tortures of suspense, irritated him, and she was forced to bear the sad burthen of a husband's ill-humour, inflamed by wine, and increased by the stinging consciousness that he had wronged her, and deserved her reproaches, which were the cutting ones of deep and quiet sorrow, not the more easily endured ones of loud and merited indignation.

They had been married a few years, and her father, who had never recovered from the shock of her elopement, was no more. Her husband's dissipated habits becoming more and more confirmed. He was involved in debt; the little she inherited from her father was soon squandered by him; and she was obliged to resort to her pen, and by the sale of an occasional production to provide bread for herself and her infants. At length creditors became importunate; there were no means of payment; and F—— was thrown into gaol. All that could be seized came within the iron grasp of the law. In this utter wreck of fortune, though almost broken hearted, her affection for the author of her sufferings was not extinguished—no, she clung to him in prison and ruined, with the ardent devotion of her early love, there was even an increased activity of kindness, as there was greater need, than when her "love," not theirs, was "in its spring." In the debtor's prison of the city of New York, then, as now, no public provision was made for the subsistence of the confined, nor was the creditor obliged to contribute to the support of him whom he had thus deprived of the ability of doing any thing for the support of himself or his bereaved family. The wife of F—— was observed daily to wend her way through unfrequented streets, with food, to her husband's prison, she was obliged to take her babe in her arms, and to go when the frozen snow was upon the ground, and the cold sleet was falling, and the piercing north western blasts penetrated her thinly clad and shivering frame. What an occupation for that once proud spirited girl, who had known the delicacies and refinements which competence and an indulgent parent could spread around the parental fireside! yes, there was a time, when indeed, the very winds of Heaven were not permitted to visit her cheek too roughly—but it was gone, gone for ever!—her father, her mother—both were in their graves—what had she now to hope? With all her taste, beauty, intellect, accomplishment, "to the favour" had she come at last, the effects of a romantic, unwise attachment, the bitter retribution of disobedience, deserved perhaps, yet scarcely so, one would wish if possible to deem.

F——'s creditors made the important discovery that the imprisonment of a man who had nothing to pay was not likely to bring them their demands, and accordingly, their cheap and tardy humanity unbarred his prison door, and gave their debtor liberty. He went to the humble residence of his wife and children, but though received with tears of gratulation, it was an acquisition which they had better have been without. He only came to add to suffering, and to give sharpness to the edge of sorrow. His habits had become still more grovelling from the contact with low associates in the gaol, and a sort of reckless desperation was visible in his demeanour as though he felt the wretched consciousness, that the last shred of reputation was torn away, and that he was in ignominy sunk so low, that effort was now useless, and he might as well give free vent to his propensities, and in indulgence, seek the semblance of enjoyment, and for a time at least, lose all sense of degradation in voluntary delirium or foul oblivion. F—— was a drunkard. His temper had always been violent, and now it broke forth at times in fits of almost frantic ferocity, his poor wife was the ever ready victim, and there were moments when brutalized by drink and its consequent excitement—he has even struck that faithful, patient, much enduring woman. Yet did she not forsake him. O, woman's love—woman's love! to what shall we compare thee—what can be a fit emblem of thy love, mysterious, unaccountable tenacity—when, not guilt, nor degradation, nor fortune's frown, nor the world's scorn, no, nor even unkindness and outrage can sever thy hold—can quench thy ceaseless flame! One of Margaret's accomplishments which attracted and delighted him in their days of courtship, was her singing. It had not yet altogether lost its charms. When he returned from his late revels, he would sometimes require her to sing to him one of the favourite songs of her happier days, and the neighbours have heard her sweet voice in the still midnight, as with lacerated bosom she poured its touching melody upon the troubled billows of that wakeful conscience, to which even intoxication could give no rest. Her contributions to the public press, and the occasional aid of relatives, furnished them with a scanty and a precarious supply of the necessaries of life, but want was no strange guest in their habitation, and there were days when dry bread was to her a rarity, but she did not let her children know it, and she was too proud not to keep it from the world.

The constitution of F—— was broken by his excesses; he sunk into the death fever of premature decay, and was gathered to the drunkard's grave. Margaret sorrowed for him, little as his fate merited her sympathy, when his conduct towards his best and only friend was considered: but she remembered him only as the lover of her youth, the chosen husband of her heart. She was now alone in the world with her children. For her no parental, no hospitable door was thrown open. Her step-mother looked coldly upon her as a sufferer from her own disobedience and folly; her father's relatives had neglected her for the same cause; and the pride of her heart forbade her to kneel to them in abject submission, and solicit their relief. She felt the consciousness of talent; her productions had received the popular approbation; she knew the necessity of great exertion, and resolved that the labours of her mind should be adequate to the support of her children. She was indefatigable, and among other things which she gave to the world, was a tragedy, founded on the classic story of Belisarius, which was performed at the "Old Drury" of New York and yielded her a small emolument. It was better fitted for the closet than the stage, like many an effusion of genius—for the author was not experienced in the necessary art of producing stage effect.

But to obtain a subsistence in the city of New York, at this particular period by literary efforts, was difficult indeed. Public taste was not very far extended, nor its standard very elevated. Native productions were but little noticed, and if poems and tragedies were read at all by the ma-n of fashionable pretenders to taste and cultivation, they must bring with them the required stamp of European commendation; nothing else would pass current as the coinage of an intellectual mint.—Is it not too much so now? No liberality of patronage, no delicate discriminating, fostering kindness smiled in upon this child of adversity in the lonely seclusion of her humble and unnoticed retreat; no prompt and generous hand was outstretched to encourage and to reward her labours; there was nothing to cheer the gloom of the present, nothing to inspire a hope for the future. The dark, cold spirit of despondency settled upon her mind. She looked with a mother's agony upon her children, and shuddered as she dropped the pen from her nerveless hand, and her head sunk down upon her rude table of unpainted board, at the paralyzing thoughts that came unsought and drove out those that were—thoughts that intruded like seers of ill, warning of approaching and certain destitution.

At this time she received an offer from the proprietor of a weekly periodical published in the village of Brooklyn, opposite New York, to contribute to it regularly at a certain stipend. The pittance was small indeed, but it was preferable to starvation, and the offer was not refused. From starvation, however, it scarcely preserved her. The coarsest viands, and sometimes even a deficiency of these, were all that could be afforded to her, who had "known the luscious sweets of plenty," and the place that served both for her study and her sleeping apartment, was a wretched garret—proverbially, the poor author's refuge, through whose broken casement and cracked ceiling, the wind and rain found an easy ingress; she had not the means of putting it in repair, and no one thought it worth while to do it for her. She protected herself as well as she could from the winter's inclemency, and was faithful to her task of furnishing a weekly supply of prose and poetry, on subjects some of which jarred upon her feelings, and called up visions of things that were "spectres of the past," which tortured, and almost maddened the brain from whence they sprung. Yet she shrunk not from her toil, the pound of flesh was exacted, and it was obtained; her mind was forced to action, not like an unwilling, but like an exhausted steed, that sinks beneath the driver's lash, and similar was its fate; in its depression, it painfully put forth all its resources of amusement, and was taxed for more, though the effort was a drain upon the vitals, and the fount of life itself was sending its last, sustaining stream through the enfeebled frame. "But it was easy to foretell that there would soon be an end of this. The spot upon her cheek—"that fatal spot," brighter than the hue of health, and the hollow eye that grew more strangely lustrous as it sunk, too surely told the insidious disease that was upon her, and the fearful ravages it had already made. Buffeted by many storms, and bearing up with fortitude against them all, the fragile plant had snapped at last. The *frame* is not of iron, the brain is not encompassed with nerves of steel, the heart may suffer much ere it break, but yet, may break at last, and when the brain and the heart are both at work upon the frame, it is not singular that it gives way, and the grave soon ends the strife. 'Tis nature's inexorable law, and mortals must submit, though well may they grieve, to see the buds, the blooming flowers of life, thus untimely nipped by an unheeded frost, and to think, we should nourish with our blood, the poison which gives its force to the arrow that reaches and rankles in the breast. Poor Margaret!—

"Twas the hectic of death that dyed her cheek,
And tinged with a crimson glow,
As we see in the west a rosy streak
That gleams on the winter snow.

Bright be it sleeps as the ruby hue
Of summer suns at the evening view,
But warmth to the snow it can ne'er impart,
As sad and as cold as the blighted heart!

Her malady advanced with stealthy, but sure steps, to its hopeless destination. She became so weak as to be unable to sit up more than a few hours in the day. Of course, she could not furnish the weekly supply of demanded variety. Without her mental labour she knew that the wages of labour would not be paid, and little as it was, it was all that she had to give herself and her children, the scanty portion of food by which existence could be barely sustained. But she could labour no more. Exhausted nature had sunk at last. She was stretched upon the bed of suffering, and the pains of her decaying body were light, in comparison with those that were gathering upon her smitten mind, for the iron had entered and deeply entered into her soul—her children, aye, that was the thought that rose to torture and to agonize!

But Providence had not forsaken her. Though the sun was behind the cloud, it was still there, and its rays at last reached the despairing mourner in her desolation. A benevolent clergyman of the city of New York heard of her situation, and hastened to her relief. He had known and esteemed her father; and had known her when a little joyous girl, she used to come with her catechism in her hand, and take her place at the holy altar at which he ministered. He had heard of her opening talents, of her unhappy marriage, but when she left the city for her duties in the village, she had passed as it were, from the observation of her friends, and become forgotten. He took her to his own house. He made himself active in her behalf. She was surrounded by every comfort and solace which her condition needed. She knew that she was dying, but she had rarely felt happier than now. Her children were provided for; those relatives who had turned their faces from the censured mother, had been induced to succour and protect the sinless unoffending offspring; the pillow that sustained her aching head was smoothed with watchful care; the death damps were wiped from the fevered brow by friendship's ever ready and gently ministering hand. Yes, she was happy—for the prayers of the pious rose from her bed-side to the God who had chastened her in his mercy; and she felt their influence in her soul, like the soft descending dews upon the parched verdure of Hermon's sacred hill. The warmth of celestial hope circled round "the blighted heart." The bitterness of earthly struggling and its sufferings were over; pride, resentment, the excitation of earthly feeling, were at rest forever; the sense of injury, unkindness, and neglect afflicted her no more; she was at peace with the world, for pure and holy emotions were swelling up and overflowing her soul, which had become meek, subdued, resigned, like that of a little child, and the offering was not rejected by Him, who has said that His sacrifice is that of "a broken spirit," and that "a broken and a contrite heart," He" will not despise." Yes, Margaret, though wert purified through suffering; through much tribulation thou didst enter into the joy of thy Lord, and the smile of certain reconciliation, the foretaste of hereafter bliss, was upon thy dying lip, and did not leave it, even when the features were stiffening in the calm rigidness of death, and only told that what was clay, had been the habitation of an immortal.

—Her wounds are healed, and her soul's at rest
Where sorrow ne'er comes in the world of the blest,
And Heaven itself did a ray impart,
To check the last sigh of the blighted heart!

She was buried by the side of her father, and an humble stone bore record, for a time, in simple phrase, of her birth, and parentage, and death; but the plough of modern improvement has passed over the spot; it has been broken, thrown aside, and forgotten. A stately mansion rears its head over the place of graves; and beneath it the remains of the gifted Margaret V. W. F—— mingle with common clay, if peradventure, they have escaped that sacrilegious hand which, at the beck of avarice, has violated the sanctuary of the tomb, and scattered the ashes of the dead.

J. R. S.

SKETCHES OF IRISH HIGHWAYS.

IRISH SERVANTS.—BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

A blunder! a palpable blunder! my readers may exclaim. What are Irish servants picked up on Irish highways? do they grow rife as blackberries upon the bushes? do they wander forth at noon and eventide, and roost in the hedges or by the way-side? Gentle English reader, they do; the instant the sound of carriage-wheels or the high trotting of a horse is heard within the precincts of a mansion or farmhouse, the cooking, washing, scouring, cleaning—all, all is neglected—left to do its own work—and every domestic, from the lady's maid, rich in many coloured ribands and "lashins of lace," down to the scullion, who exults in bare-foot freedom, all "step out" to "see the quality."

Every village in the world has its appointed spot "where maids do congregate." In France it is under the great chestnut or apple-tree of the district; in England, round the pumps; and in Ireland, at the cross-roads. You never pass cross-roads, in the vicinity of gentlemen's houses, without seeing a group of servants hand and fast at a gossip, particularly if the time be after six, and the evening fine. There they stand—one arm a-kimbo—the broad borders of their caps floating on the breeze;—one foot resting on the instep of the other—and thrice happy if a mound of moss, commonly called a *ditch*, skirt the highway. Against which they lean, while others sit in the "gripe" of the ditch, after a peculiar fashion which I never could comprehend, seeing that they manage to support themselves on their heels, while their drapery appears fixed round them like what little children call "a cheese." It is amusing enough to note such a small company, high in debate or retailing the news, and sitting in judgment on the concerns of their masters and mistresses; but in the matter of judging, I confess the decided superiority of an Irish servant over an English one. The Irish servant cares little how he is debased provided his master is exalted. "Maybe I'm low, misse, and ungenteel myself," said an officer's Irish tiger one day to a poor tradesman who had been "abusive." "Maybe I'm, and maybe I'm not, that's neither here nor there; but as for my master, who has the heart's blood of a gentleman in him, even if he does owe you a dirty trifle—if you dare to turn your breath agin him, by the powers! I'll make ye sup sorrow in the horse-pond for yer breakfast."

Pat, it is easily perceived, had no ambition beyond what small portion of credit and respectability his master reflected upon him—no wish to be honoured on his own account. "His master" is his lord, and while in his service he is bound to consider himself his thrall. "If you call me a rascal," exclaimed an English servant, similarly circumstanced, "I'll take the law of you. If my master owes you money, let him pay it—I'm not bound for him—nor I'll not be called rascal for nothing nor nobody."

I do not consider this an advantage as far as Irish servants are concerned, but rather a proof of how little independence exists in the country amongst that class of people. "Look up to the gentry and demane yourself to them properly," is the advice of an Irish parent to a child going to service; but the spirit of admonition from a good English mother to a son, is directly the opposite—"Do your duty to God and man, but don't be put upon by any one." The genuine worship of aristocracy—a bowing down to those who sit in high places—is far more alive at this moment in Ireland than in any other of the sister kingdoms. An Irishman must have something to lean upon—his landlord—and above all his priest, whereon to repose his spirit—and the door-post, or the handle of his spade, or a ruined wall, against which to lean his body. This is peculiarly the case with Irish servants; first of all, they "depind" upon their masters and mistresses not seeing their enormous, keenly perceiving how much they omit themselves; and they also "depend" upon Judy this or Barney the other to steal into the kitchen and help them to get through their work.—"How 'ud they ever do it one, and the wages so small, and the times so bad?" The fact of it is, that every regular servant in an Irish gentleman's family has his own peculiar toil, which if not carefully clipped, will in time, by its manifold turnings and winding, destroy the head of the whole. I know several of what are called "good managers" who become outrageous at the glee of a charwoman entering their well ordered mansions, what would they say to an Irish servant's zeal?

Take an example. An Irish mistress descends to the lower regions at an hour when she is not looked for.

"Thomas," to the butler, "what strange boy is that I saw in the pantry?"

"That? Oh, that's Jemmy Lowndes, just come in to hould master's coat, while Larry brushes it."

"I mean the lad with red hair, I know James."

"Oh, 'tother gomoon, ma'am; he only stops in to see afther Jemmy."

"Katherine," to the cook, "what business has the weeder to come in and do the kitchen-maid's work, while the kitchen-maid does yours, and you have been looking over the yard wall this hour past?"

"Lord save us, my lady! what will the gentry see either next? My heart was weak in my body for want of a little fresh air, and I just stept out to take a mouthful, and see Barny Toohy and Jack Johnson, and two or three of the workmen help the groom to catch the mare; and sure we'd never get through the work but for the help now and agin."

"I saw two strange caps in the laundry."

"I don't think there's any but Jenny Robins, stept in to do a hand's turn for poor Anty, that's kilt above with the big heavy washes. Oh, my grief! times are changed when ladies like you think it worth their while to see after the corners an' givers, and demane themselves with the thinking of the bit and the sup!"

I very much fear that the generality of Irish housekeepers do not as Katherine would say, "demane" themselves in any such way. If they attended more to their domestic concerns, there would be less ruin among the higher classes of Irish society. I am really at a loss to account for the fact, though fact it unquestionably is, that there is a certain carelessness—a want of order—of neatness—of regularity in domestic arrangements, perceptible in almost every Irish house. They appear to me never to think who or how they put their things; their beautiful furniture is seldom half-dusted, and from the ladies' boudoir, where finest seems the place of sterling ornament, down to the kitchen, where one thing is applied to twenty different uses, there is a total absence of arrangement. I know many who will be very angry at my saying this, and still more angry with me for printing it; but it is no palatable—observed by every one at all accustomed to England and English habits—it is. I am assured it is better to tell the truth boldly than to whisper it in corners. My deep and heart-felt prayer do I give to the warm, hospitable and affectionate feelings of my dear countrywomen; they are as full of talent as they are of genuine kindness, but they most deplorably lack the precision—the neatness—the thoughtfulness—which sheds the halo of comfort over an English *menage*. Their minds are as informed, their manners more pleasing, yet they often act as if their brains as well as their houses required to be put in seemly order. I do not think they deserve the imputation so often and so severely cast upon them of want of cleanliness: no nation, I do believe, washes so frequently, but their carelessness makes them soil twice what they clean once; and only those that live amongst them can note the difference. A well-regulated house is always the result of a well-regulated mind, and though Irish servants are very untractable, still I know they can be managed, for in their country they are docile, respectful, and not half as quarrelsome as they are here. Imperfections are readily acquired; and the servants who come to England "seeking their fortun" pick up the extravagance and gaudiness peculiar to our serving-men and maidens, graft it upon their national pride, and so not unfrequently become epitomes of the bad of both countries.

Irish servants have, generally speaking, one quality which covers a multitude of sins—the strongest possible attachment to their employers. "It isn't for me to see their faults; don't they give me the bit I eat and the rag I wear? and why should I say any thing against them? I'll stick up for them while I've breath in my body; for I'm *not ungrateful*." The affection of Irish nurses to their foster children is one of the most powerful and devoted feelings of which human nature is capable; they will follow and serve them through evil report and good report—in poverty and in prosperity—in foreign land, as well as in their own country; and one instance I well remember, of a poor nurse, who, when she heard her foster child—the younger son of a family that had been both respected and respectable in former times—was in an English gaol, came over, attended him during his sad and lonely hours of imprisonment; and when he was doomed to an ignominous death, never left his side till he exchanged time for eternity. She talked to him of those he had loved, before his soul and his name became polluted by evil. And it was a holy thing, within the prison walls, to hear that grey-headed woman put up her heart-felt prayers to the Almighty, for the object of such pure affection. When all was over she claimed his body,—waked it, after the fashion of her country; sold all she possessed in the world to give it decent burial; and was herself his monument; for, a few nights after she was found dead upon his grave! Such a story does not need the embellishment of fiction.

I remember when it first became my duty to engage servants my heart overflowed with patriotism. I resolved that none but Irish should perform the labours of my household; which, of course, like all young matrons, I determined should be conducted on so liberal and judicious a principle, that the gratitude and affection of my domestics would be an example of the purity and goodness of (Irish) human nature. Of course I began by expecting (too much) and even now I believe I received too little in return. However, now that I have got over all soreness about certain blunders and inattentions, and various and variegated mistakes, I derive much amusement from the remembrance of the oddity and eccentricity of my poor countrywomen. They were curious mixtures of good and evil; active and energetic, when excited by strong motives—indolent and lazy on ordinary occasions. I especially remember a cook, who was over-fond of any libation that bore the semblance of whiskey. In one of her tipsy freaks she had fallen against the kitchen-range, and the result was, the loss of an eye. Poor Mary Keegan! this did not prevent her from very frequently seeing double; and her evening salutation was generally as follows: let it be understood that Mary, when addressing you, had sacrificed too liberally to Bacchus to stand quite erect, and her mind was always filled with the idea, that the person who spoke to her was the very person who "knockt" out her eye. Moreover, when "tosticated," she had a great desire to assist the house maid in carrying up water, or coal, or chairs; or glass, any thing, in fact, that was likely to occasion confusion if spilt or destroyed. If she met me in the hall, or on the stairs, down would go whatever she had on the floor, and then folding her hands over her apron, she would make a low staggering curtsey.

"Good evening to you, mistress dear; I hope you're very good dinner was turned to your liking—ah! don't ye be looking that-away at me, darlint lady—an't I worked to an oil, and I'th I can't stand it."

"So I perceive, Mary."

"(God bless you, ma'am, dear, and mark ye to grace and now, ma'am, will ye be plased to give me my fine eye that you knockt out o' my head?"

"Me, Mary, I never knockt out your eye!"

"Well a-lauan! it's out any way; an' if it is out, what signifies it to Molly Keegan who knockt it out. So ma'am, dear, I'll trouble ye for my fine eye!"

Poor Molly! she was a faithful, troublesome, affectionate, cross, but clean servant; and used always to declare that she came over to England for the express purpose of teaching the English "*decency*."

One, however, of the most genuine specimens of Irish style, and Irish display I ever met with, was a certain butler; an old, and in many respects, a favourite servant of a friend with whom I have spent many happy hours, and whom I recently visited. He rejoiced in the name of Rowland, but he was always called Rory. There was a quaintness, an oddity, and a love of show about the man, which I never saw equalled, even in his own country. Rory was tall and well looking; exceedingly attached to his mistress, and to his own opinion. Now as his mistress's opinion and his own were usually at variance, there was a perpetual struggle in his mind as to which should overcome the other. Rory's deference for my friend prompted implicit obedience. Rory's self-esteem led him to try for the exercise of his own free will—it was perpetually Rory *versus* Rory—and no everlasting war he made of it.

"Rory," said my friend at breakfast one morning, "Rory, these eggs are too much done; and the eggs are *always* too much done; I wish you would see to it."

"The eggs, madam," (Rory was of the old school, and always called his mistress "madam,") "are well done—boiled, you see, as they ought to be; though, to be sure, if you like them less done, it shall be attended to. You wish them less done, in earnest? Well, there's no disputin' taste, and, if I can, I'll do them less; though, to be sure, it's hard for me, not a morsel of an egg-saucepan in the house—only fishing after them in a big tea-kittle, as the devil (savin' yer presence) fished after red herrings in the Red Sea."

"Rory, is the mule caught?"

"It's any my caught? Catch her! Ah! madam if you had followed my advice, and bought a pony instead of a mule to draw your garden-chair, it would have been different! Catch her! Devil catch me, if I can catch her! Wisp her and curry her, lead her and train her! turn her round an' round—turn her head to her tail, and her tail to her head, and what is she after all but a mule! and nothin' but a mule; though to be sure, if you desire it, madam, I'll catch her—the devil!"—And he did in the end as he was desired but not without deserving his lady's orders.

Rory was, moreover, a natural dandy: he had a love of neatness and finery, which rendered him a desirable servant in an Irish country-house; and though the greater number of his attentions were lavished on himself, still it is only right to say, that however he might in his proper person be inclined to dispute his mistress's orders, he would compel others to attend to her commands. His pomposity when enforcing her wishes was highly entertaining—one occasion I particularly remember.

"Hav'nt I told ye over and over again," he would say to his unfortunate pantry-boy, "hav'nt I told ye that ye'r eyes are only given that ye may mind ye'r mistress, and ye'r ears that ye may understand her, and ye'r legs that ye may run for her, and ye'r arms to work for her. What sh'd the likes o' you be sent into the world for, but the convanience of the gentry? Answer me that."

---

* One of my other maids had received a hint or two of my propensity for story-telling, and I could never get from her any answer beyond "Yes, mistress," or "No, mistress,"—all my labour to induce her to utter a longer sentence was in vain. At length, somewhat annoyed at her brevity, I insisted on knowing what she meant, and then she did somewhat extend her reply,—"Arrah, let me alone, mistress; ye know ye are goin' to put me into a book."

"Why," murmured Jemmy, in reply, "what was you sent into the world for?"

"It appears I was sent into it to be bothered the heart out of me with the likes of you," sighed Rory, "and now that you've cleaned your rooms, and fed the dogs, and drowned the kittens, and foled the eggs, and scoured the knives, I'll trate you to a little dewshuns. Come, now, till I make you ye'r tay—we'll sit here opposite the sea, as the tide's out; may be ye'r tired—boys are tired now a-days sooner than they used to be—faith, there's no boys going now, only all ould knowing craythurs, born at once. Now, my man, you've been in the read-a me-dasey" these nine months—see the example I set ye of obedience, to turn myself into a school-master for you, to humour the mistress. Me! but it's no matter. God help us, we're all born but those that are dead."

"Now, boys, well what does he-a-spell? What, you can't tell. Why, I'm look out before you, where the sea do be when it's in, and tell me what you see there?"

"Mud," exclaimed poor Jemmy in delight, thinking that at last he had given the proper reading to "boat." James, of course, was rewarded for his learning by a smart blow, and then was ordered to progress from B to C, and spell cows; he uttered every letter distinctly, c-o-s-s, but to pronounce them collectively was another matter. Rory resolved on giving him a fresh hint, and gravely touched the sleeve of his coat; but still Jemmy looked on, letter by letter, c-o-s-s. "Are ye dead-stupid entirely," shouted Rory, giving the garment a tremendous pull.

"Oh! oh!" thought James "I've it got now, any way," and as his grey eyes goggled with delight, he exclaimed "Jacket!"

The termination of these lessons always took place in the breakfast-room; first we heard Jemmy's screams, drawing nearer, and nearer until, when outside the door, they sunk into suppressed sobs; then Rory would enter, lurking in his stupid pupil by the ear.

"It's sorry I am to complain but sure I am, madam, that every man, woman, and child is born with a genius for something, and this boy's genius is, that he won't learn nothing; I've watched him—I've eloquented him—I've bate him, to try to drive the larnin' into him—but it's no use, the face of it is, he's own brother to the mule. You see—you—look at his ears! Faith, betwixt him an' the mule my heart's broke entirely—smashed—crushed—I'm not half the man I was—I'm an 'a-omy, instead of a christian, and I'll not stay if I'm to be school-master and mule-catcher any longer. I'll do a dale to serve you, madam, but betwixt instructing this fellow—and then when t'other was class carried, he's off into the horse pond—and woth, I can't stand either one or other of 'em. Madam—unless so be it your pleasure, ma'am, that I'm a dead butler, instead of a living servant;" and then, without waiting for reply, Rory would bow, and stalk out of the room, followed at a respectful distance by poor Jemmy, whose ears had certainly grown to an extraordinary length.

The mélange of an Irish kitchen on some of their festival nights would afford abundant subjects for pen and pencil; for both the in-door and out-door amusements of my poor country-folk have a careless and happy joyousness, which the sobered character of the English could never attain.

If I dare venture to give my own opinion upon the great and habitual dissimilarity which exists between the two nations, I would say that the food consumed in each is as different, either as to quantity and quality, that it must affect the temperament of both body and mind. The Irishman's diet is light and easy of digestion; the Englishman eats frequently, and his food is heavy. The Irishman, also, when he does drink, drinks whiskey; and the inflammatory effects of ardent spirits are unhappily too well known to need any comment;—the

For the Saturday Evening Post.

LINES TO A LADY.

Who, on its being remarked that all things faded but the diamond, replied, she wished then she was like the diamond in this.

And would'st thou be forever bright,
And shine on as thou hast afore;
Forever look as now, to night,
With radiance all thine own?

Oh! lady, if such vestal light
Might burn and not consume us,
Forever then as now to night
We'd wish it to illume us.

But near that shrine with offerings dear,
What votaries have not tarried!
Their stories now a sad career
Of loves and hopes all buried.

Have mercy then nor seek for aye,
If still for many a season,
To wear thy maiden crown of bay,
And Circe-like steal our reason.

Saturday Evening Post.

Saturday, April 11.

Published weekly, at No. 26 Carter's Alley, Philadelphia, opposite the Girard Bank.

☞ When addressing the publisher respecting subscribers, correspondents will please always mention at what post-office the papers are received.

To Readers and Correspondents.

We regret that we cannot oblige our correspondent L. W. T. without doing him no essential injury. The articles of poetry which he has sent us, have evidently been written in haste, and without proper reflection. We know that T. can do better, and believe that he will take this reproof, as we mean it should be taken, in kindness.

"Spring," by H. C. G. will be published.

"The passage of the Red Sea," is an excellent article, which we shall take pleasure in publishing at an early day.

"A Virginian," and "O. P. Q." we respectfully decline.

"Lines by a pupil of M. J. B's. Academy," shall have a place.

We shall endeavour to give place to "An Historical Sketch of Brophrax," in the course of a few weeks.

"To Anna," by Rusticus, and "African character No. I." "Guinea's address to the Moon," and "Lines by Redgauntlet," are on file.

The Gettysburg Star, published by R. W. Middleton, has reached its sixth volume. It is a well conducted and printed paper, and deserves a liberal patronage. The circulation of the Star being large, its columns offer an advantageous medium for the advertisements of city merchants.

RAIL-ROAD TO THE SUSQUEHANNA.—The April number of the Journal of the Franklin Institute, contains a very interesting article on the subject of the proposed rail-road from Wilmington, Del. to Charlestown, on the Susquehanna, to which is appended the report of Mr. Strickland, in relation to the practicability of the undertaking. It appears that the route through Wilmington, Elkton, North East and Charlestown to the Susquehanna river, has been, from the earliest settlement of the country, an established route in the chain of communication running through Philadelphia and Baltimore. It is the shortest route between the two cities, and in the winter season is the regular route for the transportation of the U. States Mail. The whole distance from Philadelphia, through Wilmington and Elkton, to Charlestown, at the head of the bay of North East, is one mile less than the distance to Frenchtown, by the way of the river Delaware and New Castle; and the distance from Frenchtown to Baltimore is fifty-six miles, while from Charlestown to Baltimore is but fifty miles, making a difference of six miles in favour of the Charlestown route.

The peculiar advantages of the rail-road route are alleged to be—its shortness—its capacity for constant use at all seasons of the year—its connection with the river Susquehanna, and the character of the country through which it passes.

The report of Mr. Strickland, who made a careful survey of the route, is highly favourable. The line is drawn nearly in a strait course, and one-third of the distance is level, and will require but little expense of execution. The cost of the road is estimated not to exceed $19,000 per mile.

An act of incorporation was obtained from the Legislature of Delaware, in the year 1832, authorising a company, with a competent capital, to construct a rail-road from Wilmington to the line of the State of Maryland, in the direction of the Susquehanna river, and in the same year a similar act was granted by the Legislature of Maryland, providing for a continuation of the road through that State. By provisions in their respective charters—which are perpetual—the two companies are authorised, after their capital shall be subscribed, to unite their stocks and form one company. The capital authorised to be created in each State is $400,000.

LITERARY NOTICES.

BOOK OF NATURE.—The April number of the Book of Nature was published during the past week. It is embellished with its usual complement of elegant engravings, which furnish an entertaining variety of the wonders of the animal kingdom. One of the plates furnishes two views of the eruption of Mount Etna, scenes of magnificent grandeur which have for many ages, occupied the attention and excited the astonishment of the learned and wise.

The present number is the tenth of the 2d volume. Two more numbers will complete the work.

THE CRAYON MISCELLANY.—Mr. Irving's new work, "A Tour on the Prairies,"—from which we have already published a chapter, is now on our table. The author calls this No. 1 of the "Crayon Miscellany," which will appear in numbers from time to time as circumstances may permit, and will contain scenes and sketches of life in America and Europe.

The reading community will be much gratified with this volume of Mr. Irving's, and greatly pleased to learn that it is the intention of this excellent writer to continue with zeal and industry his literary labours.

The author of the "Sketch Book" is deservedly a favourite with his countrymen, and we trust he will long continue to enjoy his well-earned reputation. In the present work, which furnishes a picture of life in the western wilds, and details scenes of ordinary occurrence on the Indian frontier, but of striking interest to the Atlantic reader, we perceive the several characteristics of Mr. Irving's chaste and eloquent style. His characters are drawn with vigour and distinctness, and his descriptions are invariably beautiful and eloquent.

The work is from the press of Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

FRANKLIN LIBRARY.—Three more numbers of this periodical are before us, containing Tales of Woman's Trials, Pages from a Portfolio of a Chronicler, and the commencement of Peter Simple.

BOOK OF SCIENCE.—This is the title of a little work on Natural Philosophy, adapted to the comprehension of young people, just published by Carey, Lea & Blanchard. It is the first of a series, and is devoted to an examination of the principles of Mechanics, in an easy and familiar style. A vast deal of useful information is embraced in the work, and pupils in the various branches of education, will find it a valuable pocket companion. The succeeding numbers will contain treatises on Hydrostatics, Accoustics, Electricity, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Geology, &c.

THE NATIONAL CALENDER.—Another volume of this work, for the year 1835, has just been published by Mr. Peter Force, of Washington city. It contains the names of all the officers and agents of the U. States, civil, military and naval, except postmasters, with their places of employment, compensation and duties respectively, and such messages, reports, treaties, and other state papers, and acts of Congress, as are necessary to show the present condition and relations of the United States, and operations of each of the several departments during the past year. For politicians and public men this is a work of reference of great value.

CARPENTER'S MEDICAL ADVERTISER.—Mr. Geo. W. Carpenter, chemist, 301 Market street, has just published, for gratuitous distribution, a "Medical Advertiser for 1835," the object of which is to communicate to the faculty at a distance, the improvements in Pharmacy and Chemistry, by the introduction of new and valuable compounds, &c. Mr. Carpenter will distribute of this work from six to seven thousand copies, among the professions in various parts of the U. States.

A plate of Mr. Carpenter's store and warehouse in Market street, is appended, together with a description of the building, &c.

SACRED HISTORY OF THE WORLD.—The seventy-second number of Harper's Family Library contains the second volume of Turner's Sacred History of the World. The first volume was published nearly two years ago, as the thirty-second number of the Library. The design of the author, in the present volume, is to trace the outlines of the Sacred History of the World, as the phenomena of nature and the experience of life unfolds it to us. We agree with a contemporary in the opinion of the work expressed in this paragraph:

It is decidedly the best, or at all events, the most convincing and satisfying treatise we ever read upon the subject; profound in its philosophy, beautifully clear in its argument and illustration, wonderfully extensive in its scope, vast in research and learning, yet perfectly intelligible, and not merely intelligible, but in the highest degree attractive and interesting even to minds little accustomed or inclined to investigation or reflection upon the grave topics of which it treats; and above all, remarkable for the cheerful and encouraging tone in which its speculations are pursued, and the skill with which all the bright and lovely elements of physical and mental existence are employed, either as materials or exemplifications of reasonings. The writer is a philosopher and a moralist, but he takes no gloomy or repulsive view of human life; he finds beauty and harmony in all which he surveys; a vast and admirably conceived design is unfolded to his searching eye, in the fulfilment which every great event in the history of nations has its share, and when he shows to be evolving and advancing the consummation with every passing year, and day and hour. With admirable felicity of illustration, he traces the hand of the Almighty in every physical or moral change recorded in the annals of the world, and shows not only how all may be explained on the unerring principles of revelation, but also how vain are all attempts at explanation without those principles; and irresistibly demonstrates the wisdom and the consistency of the plan that has been in operation for six thousand years, and is still in progress to its ultimate and glorious completion, the full extent of which we cannot foresee, but which there is no presumption in endeavouring to anticipate and comprehend.

In our sketch of Texas, published last week, we omitted, for want of room, a very interesting extract from the work under review, detailing the sufferings of a traveller, who was lost on the Prairie. The extract we publish below. A more distressing situation than that in which the traveller alluded, was placed, can scarcely be imagined.

The young man of whom I speak was about twenty, evidently one of my own countrymen, and had received a pretty good education from teachers or books, though a very indifferent one from his parents or those with whom he had associated. He had been in Texas two or three years, travelled in every part of it, and was familiar with life and manners, objects, places and circumstances in every district. He was then on his way from the San Jacinto, and had recently been lost on a Prairie. Being alone one day, and travelling were there were no landmarks, he became bewildered, and sought in vain for any thing that might serve as a guide. He was, I think, without a compass, and directed his course wherever his judgment dictated, riding on merely because his only hope was in leaving the place where he was. He fortunately had a small quantity of provisions with him, but after those were gone, his principal fear was that his tobacco would be exhausted before he should find his way to some habitation: for being a great tobacco chewer, he thought it his only substitute for drink. When night came he dismounted, confined his horse, and slept on the Prairie. When morning returned, he remounted and pursued his way.

According to my recollection, he had no gun with him; and this, I believe, was the reason why he entertained no expectation of supplying himself with food. After he had wandered, almost hopelessly, I know not how long, to his great joy he struck a track, where some person had recently passed on horseback; and quickening his pace, he pressed on, hoping it might soon lead him to relief. He proceeded, however, hour after hour, and was about to despair, when he was cheered by the discovery of another track, which met and joined the one he was pursuing. This restored his courage; and although it seemed strange that two travellers should have joined company on such a vast and apparently deserted Prairie, it was evident that the tracks had been recently made, by horses moving at a travelling gait, so that he could not doubt that such was the fact, and that he was not far behind them.

He rode on again: but still nothing was to be seen before him, except the level and open country. And then he spent several hours longer, wondering all the while why he could not overtake the strangers, when at length the perceived another grateful sign of man. Another track, marked in the grass came up and struck the route he was pursuing: and now he had the marks of three horses before him. Now once more he spurred his horse, feeling as if company and relief must be near. These travellers, it would seem, could hardly be travelling together after meeting in this accidental manner, and all lost like himself: some one of them at least must have known the way, it was reasonable to suppose; and by following the traces, he must undoubtedly, before long, arrive at some habitation, or at least some stream. His thirst, notwithstanding the tobacco he used, was very distressing, and the hope of finding water was highly gratifying.

He had not, however, gone much farther, when he perceived something on the Prairie he thought he had seen before; and after a short examination and a little reflection, he concluded that he must have previously passed the spot. But how could this have occurred? He had not turned upon his track; but might he not have made a complete circle, while he had thought himself travelling in a straight course? Not only this might be true: but the truth suddenly flashed upon his mind—he had been following his own tracks for about two days! Having made one circuit, on striking his own route the first time, he had imagined it that of a stranger, and followed it with the most fallacious hopes, until he reached it again and again, in each instance mistaking the footsteps of his horse for those of another.

The wanderer had trials to undergo after this discouraging adventure, but nothing in his narrative had struck me so forcibly as this part of the story. Though he afterwards suffered more severely from hunger, and particularly from thirst, there was nothing which seemed to me so dreadful as his situation when he made the discovery of his long and useless wanderings round and round the Prairie in the same wide circle. He reached a habitation at length, and obtained water and food; but the latter part of his tale interested me comparatively little.

The idea of straying upon a Prairie for a long time, had ere this presented itself to my imagination, as a gloomy, and indeed a very dangerous and horrid thing. I had heard from different persons accounts of such misfortunes, which made me apprehend the loss of one's way as a very serious affair. It is often said of travellers on the Arabian deserts, and of unfortunate mariners on a wreck, that thirst is the most distressing evil they have to encounter. And this was fully confirmed by some of the tales I had heard of wanderers on the Prairies of Texas. Indeed I had listened to some, while passing over a part of this same ground, on my way towards the coast. The young stranger who had then served as our guide to Anahuac, had entertained me with some of his own adventures of this nature. I did not mention him particularly before. He was one of those mysterious personages whom I met in several places in Texas: men who had seen much, and were ready to communicate freely on most subjects, but always avoided every intimation concerning their own history.

A LIBERAL OFFER.—A gentleman who understands the management of balloons, will insure the safe passage and free of expense, (from Nashville to any other port in the United States) of a select company of ladies and gentlemen of the following description, viz:

Five families who have lived together in one house and are agreeable to each other; a pious clergyman owning himself the chief of sinners; an honest lawyer; a truth publishing editor; a merchant or trader who always does to others as he wishes others to do to him; a teacher without garrulity or vanity; a handsome lady who never looked in the glass; and a person who goes about giving alms in the dark: when these passengers are obtained, the Balloon will be fitted up immediately. Persons of the above description may form themselves into companies in any part of the United States, and when formed will please repair to this place for transportation.—*Western Methodist.*

PRIZE ADVENTURE.—We understand that a purse of $1,000 has been subscribed at Niagara Falls, (Canada side) which will be paid to any individual who shall accomplish a boat voyage from Lewistown to Niagara Falls, upon the river. That gigantic stream flows, this distance, about seven miles, between perpendicular banks of solid rock, varying in height from one hundred and sixty feet, upwards. The rush of the vast river through this darksome gulph is frightful. "The whirlpool," so well known to visiters, and many other points along the distance have at least the appearance of great danger from the brink above; still we doubt not the purse-holder will find his man, in the person of some adventurous Yankee—even though the object of the voyage should be to him as it is to us, unknown.—*Buffalo Whig.*

A DOG STORY.

A gentleman who knows that we are friendly to good dogs, and do not like to see even a cur abused, stopped to tell us a story about one of these half reasoning animals, which we in the exercise of our friendliness, give to our readers. Last week a large Newfoundland dog, kept in a tan yard in the Northern Liberties, had persuaded a small dog to play with him, and while they were amusing themselves, the smaller animal was accidentally rolled into an open tan pit, in which the water was quite deep, though it did not reach within eighteen inches of the edge of the vat. The little fellow flounced about terribly, but could not get out, and the large dog could not reach him. Some of the workmen saw the whole occurrence, and felt disposed to watch at a distance the movements of the Newfoundland dog. He ran round the vat in great concern, then hastened to the building where the men had been, but they were not to be found. He then ran back and took another mournful look at his little play mate, and then tried again for help. None was to be had, and matters were becoming desperate in the vat. The Newfoundland dog then selected a place at the edge of the vat, where some of the tan had been removed, and where the edge was not more than twenty inches above the water. He then stretched himself out, and thrust his fore feet down to the water, edging himself along with care, so as not to lose his balance and fall in himself. This was a matter of nice calculation, as the weight of the puppy was to be added to that of his head and shoulders. At length he appeared to have adjusted the weight to his mind. He then reached out and took the little dog with a strong grip in his fore paws, and being unable, of course, to rise up with that weight hanging over the edge of the pit, he drew himself back with great effort, and after considerable exertions, succeeded in landing the half-drowned dog in safety—and great and sincere was the joy manifested by both animals at the fortunate deliverance.—*U. S. Gaz.*

From the Albany Journal of 2d inst.

THE ORVILLE OUTRAGE.

We saw, a few days since, a letter in the Courier and Enquirer, giving the details of an outrage committed upon a FEMALE, in the village of Orville, Onondaga County, as horrible in its character and as revolting in its details, that we could not—would not—believe there were monsters in human shape, capable of such unparalleled cruelty.

Meeting with a friend yesterday, from Syracuse, we inquired into the history of this Outrage, and found the facts as set forth in the Courier & Enquirer, literally true, and substantially as follows:—

The wife of —— Tyler, who was sent, about a year since, to the State-Prison, was left residing at Orville. It was rumoured, during the fall, that an improper intimacy existed between this woman and a Mr. Young, and although no evidence of it existed, and none of the decencies of life were known to be violated, a village excitement was raised against her. The embers were finally fanned into a blaze, and having possessed themselves of a bucket of Tar and a bag of Feathers, eight men proceeded in a sleigh, at 12 o'clock at night, to the house of the offender, whom they confidently expected to surprise her in bed with her paramour. Breaking into the House, they found the woman in bed with her children. After searching in vain for Young, they seized the woman, dragged her, with nothing but her night clothes, into the street, put a bag in her mouth, threw a blanket over her shoulders, put her into the sleigh and drove off, leaving *three little children alone, without fire or a light, shrieking with terror!*

The monsters drove off about three quarters of a mile, took her into a field, tore of her night clothes, and with the instruments of torture prepared for the purpose, these eight unfeeling wretches perpetrated, upon a defenceless and unfortunate FEMALE, an outrage of the most horrible character.

After literally enveloping the miserable woman in tar, they rolled her in the blanket, took her to an unoccupied and unfrequented barn, where they left her entirely helpless, and still gagged, to perish with cold, unless found, as she was by accident.

The cries of the children, in the morning, attracted the attention of the neighbors, and upon learning what had occurred, a search was made for the woman. Nothing, however, was discovered, till nearly dark when a quantity of tar and feathers were found on the snow in a field where the outrage was committed. From this spot the villains were tracked to the Barn, where George Grinnel found the poor creature alive, but speechless and senseless! She was taken home and a Physician sent for, who discovered that her jaw had been dislocated! Several benevolent Ladies kindly assisted in relieving the suffering woman from her dreadful condition, and after several weeks, her health was restored. A strong feeling of indignation ran rapidly through the community. The monsters were soon identified, and prosecutions commenced. The causes were to have been tried during the present month, but were settled a short time since, by the payment of FOURTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS, from the defendants, to the victim of their barbarities.

BOYINGTON.—The following letter from Mr. Hamilton, late pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, in Newark, was written to a friend and neighbor of the mother of the wretched Boyington, lately executed at Mobile, for murder.

Mobile, February 23, 1835.

Inasmuch as the late Charles R. S. Boyington, a few hours before his execution on Friday, Feb. 20th, put into my hands a letter from you, as a friend delivering his mother's charge to her unhappy boy, in expectation of his speedy dismissal from earth, I now in discharge of a promise given to the poor young man, communicate to his afflicted parent, through you, as her friend, the mournful tidings of his death according to the sentence of the law. I visited him repeatedly in his cell, sat with him for hours by night and by day—I warned him, I entreated him to turn to God—to repent of all his sins—and trust to Christ, whose blood cleanseth from all guilt—and if guilty of the fearful crime for which he was condemned, to unbosom himself to me, or to some other person in whom he might have confidence. I solemnly promised him that if he should wish to confide any thing to me, either a confession of his guilt or any thing else, it would be sacredly locked up in my bosom, till the judgment day, unless he should authorise me to divulge it. He solemnly asserted his innocence, and I did believe him; I felt for him as for a child; I wept for him, and we wept together. On Thursday night he put into my hand, a letter very affectionately addressed to me, and still asserting his innocence of the crime of murder. He was, I presume you know, entirely skeptical on the subject of religion; he not only rejected the gospel, and denied the immortality of the soul, but he denied the existence of God. After several interviews with him, he admitted the being of a God, and seemed wavering as to the soul's immortality, but on every other point he remained unchanged in sentiment.—On Friday morning, about 10 o'clock, I again went to his cell, and continued with him till about half past 12, when the deputy sheriff came to knock off his chains and prepare him for the last awful scene. At his request the night before, I had promised to accompany him to the scaffold, be with him to the last, and see his body covered in the grave. He walked between me and his counsel, a most amiable man, from the jail to the scaffold, about two and a half miles.—At this time he had maintained an appearance of firmness. I had forwarned him that escape, resistance, pardon and reprieve were all alike, hopeless. I promised him that to the last moment I would stand by his side—and pray for him—and that to the last I would watch his eye, and be ready to hear should he relent to wish or speak—to confess—or to breathe or cry for mercy; that done, I entreated him to be firm, as I self-possessed, in his last moments. Alas! it pains me to say, his conduct to the last, showed clearly he had never in all these trying scenes, fully believed he *must die*; he certainly was buoying up his spirits with the hope of escape, rather by passing the hour fixed for his execution or by a reprieve—or by exciting the sympathies of the bystanders to attempt a rescue. This is a very painful subject, but I pledged my word to write to his friends a full statement of the case. After he had read from a defence he had prepared till the sheriff announced the time when atop he must—I ascended the scaffold with him, and his last arrangements were made; I led him once more, he holding my arm, up the steps—there I once more prayed by him, commending him to the mercy of God—the vast multitude maintaining a profound silence: when done, he took my hand—thanked me for my kindness with exceeding agitation, and asked, what must I do? Thinking he was relenting, I pointed to heaven, saying look even now to the Lamb of God, and cry for mercy! I asked, what is your last declaration, for in a few moments you will be in eternity? He answered; I am innocent—but may I not try to escape? I pointed out the impossibility, the madness of the attempt—told him if he tried the guards would fire, and some in the crowd would be killed. He said, oh no! they wont, I must try. Boyington (I said) I have done—I have tried to be faithful to your soul—and now farewell!—You have been faithful, was his answer—but I must make one effort for my life—I must—and as I turned to descend, he sprang off the scaffold. The guard seized him—forced him again upon the scaffold—and in a few minutes all was over!—Oh that awful—that terrific scene! For several nights I had scarcely any sleep—that night was a night of horrors, and of agony to me, at the remembrance of what I had witnessed! I wound—accompanied the body to the grave and saw it decently interred! Break this dreadful intelligence as gently as you can to the poor mother; hardened and unchanged to the last the poor youth was. Till the last hope of escape or of rescue was gone he remained unmoved; and then, with an expression of agony such as I never before beheld, he made his spring for life.

O tell the poor, desolate mother she must look to God for support—I can offer her no consolation except what springs from a consideration of the rectitude of His government: to his kind support I devoutly commend her! My own feelings have been too deeply wounded on this trying occasion to attempt offering consolation to others. My task is now ended—poorly performed—but not without emotions of sympathy for the pain I inflict.—Farewell! Respectfully,

WM. T. HAMILTON.

GAMBLING.—The New Orleans Bee of the 4th inst, gives the names of sixteen persons licensed to keep Gambling Houses in that city and adds:

A new law will to-morrow be presented in the Senate to suppress gambling. It enacts that all principals and accessaries in keeping gambling or banking games shall be fined so much for the first offence, and so much for the second; and be further imprisoned in the penitentiary for a time not less than one year, and not exceeding — years. It states that the owner of the house in which banking games are played, is an abettor, guilty in the eye of the law as the persons who keep or who play at the banking games. It gives the power and privilege to any public officer, or private person, to enter any room where he believes or knows gaming is practised, to arrest and hold in custody the person present, seize all the implements, money, and paraphernalia there found, bring all before a justice of the peace, who shall commit the offenders for trial to a judicial court. The captors are competent witnesses, and are entitled to the whole of the property seized, on judgment of the court. The act further states, that all persons in offices of trust, honour, or profit, who shall be convicted of gaming or betting, or aiding the same, shall be considered guilty of a high misdemeanor, and shall be incapacitated from holding afterwards any office in the State.

A mile in two minutes and twenty five seconds is pretty fair travelling, isn't it reader? and yet it was performed one day last week, Wednesday last, when a gentleman came flying into our town about nine in the evening, having come from the steamboat landing at Amboy, a distance of 62 miles, *in two hours and a half!* He immediately crossed over to the city, where it is said he remained a few hours, when he returned, and the same car and engine transported him back again at a like speed. Curiosity has been upon tip toe ever since, to find out the object of such haste, for unlike one Benny Franklin of the olden time, this "flying Childers" did not stop to tell his name, his age, his business, and his whereabouts, and all our gossips thus are lost amidst the multitude of speculations.—*Camden (N. J.) Mail.*

A destructive fire broke out in Baltimore, on Thursday morning, in the Dyeing Establishment of Ward Sears, N. W. corner of Calvert and Mercer streets, and before it could be got under, burnt four or five houses. It is not ascertained how the fire originated, but supposed to be the work of an incendiary, as every part of the establishment, attached to which was a steam engine, was examined very minutely, as usual, after 11 o'clock. The occupants of the buildings burnt, were Ward Sears, Hilliary Elder, D. Kester, (Hanoverian House and Hotel,) and an extensive steam mill for grinding barks, roots, &c. belonging to the Thomasonian practitioners of Medicine. Mr. Sears had no insurance.

EFFECTS OF THE SAVINGS BANKS.—When this noble institution went into operation, we had in our employ a person whose earnings were about 8 or 9 dollars a month, but who, from his prodigal and convivial disposition, had not only never laid up a farthing, but was constantly embarrassed and pursued by some Deputy Sheriff. His money was worse than wasted, for he frequently spent it in a manner that gave him much trouble and vexation. On paying him off one evening, we recommended him to deposit a portion of his wages in the Savings Bank. The advice was received as an interference as to private affairs, and received a tart reply. It, however, was followed by a deposite of about twenty dollars that evening, although that sum was greatly needed to satisfy some pressing calls. The fact that so much was secured had a most extraordinary effect; in a very short period there was an entire change, and although no person knew that a regular sum was laid up, yet all perceived a wonderful change from habits of careless, lewd company, wasteful extravagance and great embarrassment, to that of great attention to business, prudence, economy, and general thrift. In a very few years the subject of this article had laid up a sufficient sum to purchase at a fortunate period a valuable store, pay down two thousand dollars, which he drew out of the Savings Bank, and gave a mortgage for the balance; since which the rents have been laid by as a Sinking Fund, until they have swept away the incumbrance, and left the property clear. The income now amply supports himself and family comfortably, his children are well educated, decent neat and tidy, and every thing prospers around him. Such is the effect of this institution on an individual under our immediate observation. The Savings Bank has, in this instance, as in many others, saved a helpless family from want, and restored an active, intelligent individual from ruin and disgrace.—*Daily Advertiser.*

POLICE OFFICE.—*Robbery for Love.*—The first person on the rolorus this morning, was a very fine looking, genteel young man, whose friends are highly respectable, and whose name we are requested to suppress, on account of his family. He had, it appears, for the last week or two conducted himself most creditably in all the domestic and mercantile relations in life, and was shortly about to commence business on his own account, in which there was every prospect of his doing very well. He fell in love with his first cousin, a very beautiful girl, the daughter of a wealthy farmer upon Long Island, and after a happy uninterrupted courtship of two years, the day was fixed for their wedding, the 1st of May. The foolishly fond mother of the girl, thinking that her child was hardly polished enough for the polite circles of New York, in which she was destined to figure, brought her to the city early last fall. The girl was then young, simple minded and entirely unsophisticated in her conduct, and it would have been well had she remained so. But "mothers must know best," and her mother placed her under the tuition of a French master, a dancing master, and a music master, for the purpose of getting "finished;" and if she was not finished herself, it appears that she contrived to put the finishing touch to all Charles's her sweetheart's future hopes and happiness: at the public dancing schools she met with a handsome young fop, who invariably singled her out for a partner, and who as invariably offered his services to gallant her home. Charles being detained always until a late hour in his business.—Her new gallant took advantage of this circumstance to ingratiate himself into the girl's good graces, and as those.

"Move easiest who have learned to dance," His manners were considered far more refined than those of the industrious, plodding youth who was toiling early and late, intent only on the means of realizing a happy home. She gradually grew cool towards him, which he did not perceive until at a late Exhibition Ball, whither he went at a late hour, and found his betrothed engaged with another, in the mazes of a waltz. After it was over he solicited her hand for the next dance—she was engaged for that also, "when would she be disengaged?" Not at all; Mr. P. was to be her partner for the whole evening. Charles requested the pleasure of escorting her to the supper table. She had placed herself under Mr. P's protection, and Mr. P. promised her out of the room. Charles left the place. Next morning he ephemerided her with being inconstant; and she coolly replied that she had no control over her affections, they had changed, and he must make the best of it. He left the house half distracted; stayed out all night came home at noon next day in a dirty and drunken condition; he was carried to bed insensible, awoke next day in a high fever—lay ill for some time, and ultimately recovered; but a settled gloom was on his mind, and it was feared he meditated self-destruction. He however returned to his employer on Thursday, was sent to the Bank at 10 in the morning with a check for $107 59. He drew the money, but did not return with it—his friends became alarmed—and, late at night, he was found much in liquor, driving a horse and gig madly up Madison st. He was secured, taken to the watch house, and 600 of the money found on him.—In the morning he was restored to his friends.—*N. Y. Transcript.*

ANOTHER FISH STORY.—The Gloucester Democrat says:—Captain Stubbs, of the brig Manhegan, from Boston for New Orleans, which arrived here on Saturday last, states that *he saw* when about 9 or ten miles from Race Point light, what he, as well as the whole crew, supposed to be a sea serpent. He could distinctly see it with the naked eye, but to be certain, he took his glass and saw his eyes, and head, which was about as large as a barrel—the neck had something that looked like a man upon the top of it;—several times he ran his head, seven or eight feet above the water, and for thirty or forty minutes, swam backward and forward with great swiftness. There were two other vessels near, the crews of which were in the rigging looking at the same object. Captain S. states that he should think it was from 200 to 250 feet long, and that his head, neck, and tail, and his motion in the water, was exactly like those of a snake; every time he put his head out of the water, he made a noise similar to that of steam escaping from the boiler of a steamboat. One of the crew told us that his appearance and motion was precisely like that he saw last summer while in the bay, which was said to be a sea serpent. The Captain and crew attest to the correctness of the statement.

Semi-Annual Bank Dividends of the Boston Banks, payable April 6, 1835:

American Bank,	3 pr ct	Hancock Bank	no div.
Atlantic	3 "	Massachusetts	2½ pr ct
Atlas (9 mos)	4 "	Market	3 "
Boston	3½ "	Merchants'	3½ "
City	3 "	New England	3 "
Columbian	3 "	North	3 "
Commercial	3 "	Oriental	3 "
Commonwealth	3½ "	State	2½ "
Eagle	3 "	Suffolk	4 "
Fulton	3 "	South	2½ "
Franklin	3 "	Tremont	3 "
Globe	3 "	Traders	3 "
Granite	no div.	Union	2½ "
Hamilton	3 "	Washington	3 "

☞ The dividends to be paid out, amount to $515,750.

Important News from Europe.

Dissolution of the French Ministry—Indemnity Bill not passed—Death of the Emperor of Austria.—The Tory Ministry twice outvoted in the British House of Commons, and Mr. Abercrombie elected Speaker.

After a very long and anxious delay, we are enabled, by the arrival at several packet ships at New York, to present our readers with intelligence of much interest from England and France. It appears that the French Ministry, while the Chamber was approaching the INDEMNITY BILL, found it necessary to resign, by losing a vote on a trifling question. The English papers express a belief that the Indemnity Bill will yet pass.

The Radical candidate for Speaker (Mr. Abercrombie) in the House of Commons, was elected by a majority of 10, over Mr. C. Manners Sutton, who was immediately called to the peerage with the title of Lord Canterbury. The Ministry were also defeated by another vote of the Commons, relative to an answer to the King's speech. Sir Robert Peel, however, will not resign, but is determined to offer to Parliament some important measures upon which to stand or fall.

GREAT BATTLE.—The new Parliament was opened on Thursday, the 19th of February. Great crowds of people thronged the entrances both of the House of Peers and the House of Commons. Strong bodies of the Police were in attendence to preserve the peace; and the mob amused themselves by cheering the popular members of both Houses, and hissing and hooting the friends of Ministers. The Tory Lords and the Bishops were received with tremendous yells. The liberal Peers were loudly huzzaed. The hostility to the Duke of Cumberland was manifested in a manner so unequivocal as to require the most active exertions of the police to prevent actual outrage. His majesty, on his progress to and arrival at the Parliament house, was respectfully, if not enthusiastically, received by his loyal subjects, who, whatever might have been their feelings, touching the recent exercise of the prerogative, in the dismissal of the Melbourne Ministry, and in the dissolution of the first Reformed House of Commons, never forgot, even while disapproving and condemning those acts, that in William the Fourth the nation owes a debt of gratitude for his early, and for a time consistent, support of the cause of constitutional reform.

THE KING'S SPEECH.

"My Lords and gentlemen:

I avail myself of the earliest opportunity of meeting you in Parliament, after having recurred to the sense of the people.

You will, I am confident, fully participate in the regret which I feel at the destruction, by accidental fire, of that part of the ancient Palace of Westminster which has been long appropriated to the use of the two Houses of Parliament.

Upon the occurrence of this calamity, I gave immediate directions that the best provision of which the circumstances of the case would admit, should be made for your present meeting, and it will be my wish to adopt such plans for your permanent accommodation as shall be deemed, on your joint consideration, to be most fitting and convenient.

I will give directions that there be laid before you the report made to me by the Privy Council, in reference to the origin of the fire, and the evidence upon which that report was founded.

The assurances which I receive from my allies, and generally from all foreign princes and states, of their earnest desire to cultivate the relations of amity, and to maintain with me the most friendly understanding, justify, on my part, the confident expectation of the continuance of the blessings of peace.

The single exception to the general tranquility of Europe, is the civil contest which still prevails in some of the northern provinces of Spain.

I will give directions that there be laid before you articles which I have concluded with my allies, the King of the French, the Queen Regent of Spain, and the Queen of Portugal, which are supplementary to the treaty of April, 1834, and are intended to facilitate the complete attainment of the objects contemplated by that treaty.

I have to repeat the expression of my regret that the relations between Holland and Belgium still remain unsettled.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

"I have directed the estimates for the ensuing year to be prepared, and to be laid before you without delay.

"They have been framed with the strictest attention to economy, and I have the satisfaction of acquainting you, that the total amount of the demands for the public service will be less on the present, than it has been on any former occasion within our recent experience.

"The satisfactory state of the trade and commerce of the country, and of the public revenue, fully justifies the expectation that, notwithstanding the reductions in taxation which were made in the last session, and which, when they shall have taken full effect, will tend to diminish the existing surplus of the public revenue, there will remain a sufficient balance to meet the additional annual charges which will arise from providing the compensation granted by Parliament on account of the abolition of slavery throughout the British dominions.

"I deeply lament that the agricultural interest continues in a state of great depression.

"I recommend to your consideration whether it may not be in your power, after providing for the exigencies of the public service, and consistently with the steadiest maintenance of the public credit, to devise a method for mitigating the pressure of those local charges which bear heavily on the owners and occupiers of land, and for distributing the burden of them more equally over other descriptions of property.

"My Lords and Gentlemen:

The information received from the Governors of my Colonies, together with the acts passed in execution of the law for the abolition of slavery, will be communicated to you.

"It is with much satisfaction that I have observed the general concurrence of the Colonial Legislatures in giving effect to this important measure; and, notwithstanding the difficulties with which the subject is necessarily attended, I have seen no reason to abate my earnest hopes of a favorable issue.

"Under all circumstances you may be assured of my anxious desire, and unceasing efforts, fully to realise the benevolent intentions of Parliament.

"There are many important subjects, some of which have already undergone discussion in Parliament, the adjustment of which, as an early a period as is consistent with the mature consideration of them, would be of great advantage to the public interest.

"Among the first, in point of urgency, is the state of the tithe question in Ireland, and the means of effecting an equitable and final adjustment of it.

"Measures will be proposed for your consideration, which will have for their respective objects, to promote the commutation of tithes in England and Wales—to improve our civil jurisprudence, and the administration of justice in ecclesiastical causes—to make provision for the more effectual maintenance of ecclesiastical discipline, and to relieve those who dissent from the doctrines or discipline of the Church from the necessity of celebrating the ceremony of marriage according to its rites.

"I have not yet received the report from the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the state of Municipal Corporations, but I have reason to believe it will be made, and that I shall be enabled to communicate it to you at an early period.

"I have appointed a Commission for considering the state of the several dioceses in England and Wales, with reference to the amount of their revenue, and to the more equal distribution of the episcopal duties—the state of the several cathedral and collegiate churches, with a view to the suggestion of such measures as may render them most conducive to the efficiency of the Established Church, and for devising the best mode of providing for the cure of souls, with reference to the residences of the clergy in their respective benifices.

"The especial object which I have in view, in the appointment of the Commission, is to extend more widely the means of religious worship according to the doctrines of the Established Church, and to confirm its hold upon the veneration and affection of my people.

"I feel it also incumbent upon me to call your earnest attention to the condition of the Church of Scotland, and to the means by which it may be enabled to increase the opportunities of religious worship for the poorer classes of society in that part of the united kingdom.

"It has been my duty, on this occasion to direct your consideration to various important matters connected with our domestic policy.

"I rely with entire confidence on your willing co-operation in perfecting all such measures as may be calculated to remove just causes of complaint, and to promote the concord and happiness of my subjects.

"I rely also, with confidence, on the caution and circumspection with which you will apply yourselves to the alteration of laws, which affect very extensive and complicated interests, and are interwoven with ancient usages, to which the habits and feelings of my people have conformed.

I feel assured that it will be our common object in supplying that which may be defective, or renovating that which may be impaired, to strengthen the foundation of those institutions in Church and State, which are the inheritance and birthright of my people; and which, amidst all the vicissitudes of public affairs, have proved, under the blessings of Almighty God, the truest guarantees of their liberties, their rights, and their religion.

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—The Reformers carried their candidate for Speaker, Mr. Abercrombie, of Edinburgh, by a majority of 10 votes over C. M. Sutton, the late Speaker, a moderate tory, thus.

For Mr. Abercrombie	316
For Sir C. M. Sutton	306
Majority for Mr. Abercrombie	10

On the announcement of the division, the cheers both within and without the House were deafening beyond precedent.

Second Defeat of Ministers.—In the House of Commons Feb. 26th, after a debate of three days, an amendment to the Address in reply to the King's Speech, moved by Lord Morpeth, was carried against Ministers by a majority of 7.

The Age, a tory paper says:—In the Commons, ministers were beaten, to the everlasting disgrace of the House, in the choice of a Speaker, and a pensioned hack of the Duke of Devonshire, exhibits his sallow and money-hunting countenance as that of the first gentleman in England. This disgrace the House of Commons inflicted upon itself by a majority of 10.

*Proposed

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Reed, T. Richards, publisher of the Reporter, Conchetter Directory, and Price Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 10, 1835.

ASHES,		New Orleans,	32 @ 34
Pots,	cwt 5 25 @ 5 50	Sugar-house,	47 @ 49
Pearl,	7 25 @ 7 50	do. N. York,	47 @ 49
BEESWAX,		do. Philad.	42 @ 46
Yellow,	21 @ 22	do. Steam,	46 @ 53
Cuba No. 1	10 @ 11	Trinidad,	47 @ 50
do.	9 @ 10	Porto Rico,	28 @ 30
No. 2	8 @ 9	Brazil Yerrah fal.	28 @ 30
Cuba,		Rio, & Maranzas,	25 @ 29
Lead,	bar 4 50 @ 5	MACKEREL	
Shot,	4 75 @ 5	No. 1,	bbl 6 37½
COFFEE. Duty, free.		No. 2,	5 25
Cuba,	12@ 14	No. 3,	5 @ 5 25
St. Domingo,	10 @ 10½	OIL	
Java Extra,	11½ @ 13	Linseed, Am. from store,	1 18 @ 1 19
Java,	11 @ 12	do. Dutch,	
Martinique	11 @ 12½	Whale, gal.	38 @ 40
Laguira,	12 @ 13	Sperm, winter,	1 60 @ 1 62
Jamaica,		do. summer,	80 @ 85
Rio,	11½ @ 13	PLASTER PARIS,	
COTTON. Duty 3 cts per lb.		In Delaware, ton	2 00 @
Louisiana,	18 @ 18½	In Schuylkill	3 12½
Mobile,	17 @ 18½	SEEDS,	
E. Alabama, Tenn.		Clover, bush	4 25 @ 4 50
S. C. and Geo.	17½ @ 18½	Flaxseed, rough	1 70 @ 1 62
N. C. and Va.	17½ @ 18½	do. clean, cask	
FREIGHTS		Timothy,	bbls 11 50 @ 12 75
To Liverpool, per cent.		Herds,	bush
do. 100 lbs	1 25 @ 3 00	Orchard grass,	2 00 @ 2 25
Wheeling, per ton,		WHISKEY	
FLOUR and MEAL		Rye, in bbls	31 @
Baltimore,	bbl 5	do. bbls	29½
Ohio,	4 75 @	do. from wagons	28 @ 30
Rye,	3 87½ @	WOOL	
Middlings,	2 75 @	Fine, Saxony fleece,	
Corn meal,	3 75 @	do.	
do. in bbls.	15 50 @ 16 00	Am. wash, full blood,	52 @ 55
GRAIN		do. ——— blood,	47 @ 48
Wheat, Pennsylv.	1 00 @ 1 05	do. ——— blood,	40 @ 42
do. Southern,	93 @ 98	do. ——— blood coarse,	35 @ 36
do. Brandywine,	1 00 @ 1 05	Am. unwash full bl	47 @ 50
Rye, L. C. white,	62 @ 65	do. ——— blood,	43 @ 45
do. L. C. yellow,	72 @ 75	do. ——— blood,	38 @ 40
do. L. C. round,	68 @ 70	do. coarse,	35 @ 36
Corn, Pennsylv.		Pulled, galled skins,	40 @ 45
Southern,	38 @ 37	No. 1, do.	38 @ 40
Barley, Eastern,	58 @ 60	No. 2, do.	32 @ 34
do. Pennsyl.	@	No. 3, do.	20 @
HOPS		Factory, clean,	
Import 1834, lbs	12 @ 13	Spanish, B. F. & S.	
BOLASSES,		do. landed,	70 @ 80

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, April 11, 1835.

☞ Look at the Terms on the last page—*There has been no change in them for many years past.*

Our friends at the following named places, are cautioned against paying subscriptions, &c. to the late agents, as they neglect or refuse to make any returns of the sums they have collected.

Mobile, Alabama, late agent, John F. Pagies.
Ellicotts' Mills, Md. late agent, S. S. Palmer.
Troy, Missouri, late agent, John S. Besser.

ERRATA.—There are a few errors in the article headed "A Life," on our first page, which escaped the notice of the proof reader. In the 4th line of the last paragraph in the second column, for "becoming" *read became*; in the 31st line of the succeeding paragraph, for "love," read *lane*; and in the paragraph next the last, after the words "joy of thy Lord," the words but *thou didst enter there*, should be added.

The Hon. James Brown, late Minister to France, died in this city on Tuesday last, of apoplexy.

The Philadelphia conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is now holding its annual session in this city, in the session room of the Union Church, North Fourth street. About one hundred and seventy ministers are in attendance. The presiding officer is Bishop Emory, the junior Bishop of the church. The conference will continue, it is believed, until Thursday or Friday of next week. The pulpits of the Methodist Churches will generally be filled to-morrow, by ministers not residents of the city.

The second annual report of the Managers of the Pennsylvania Institution for the instruction of the Blind, has lately been published. There are now twenty-one pupils in the institution, of whom nine are females. Eighteen are residents of Pennsylvania, one of Delaware, one of Virginia, and one of South Carolina. The German language is now taught the pupils, and a course of Mathematical studies will soon be commenced. The improvement of the pupils in handicraft employments, such as the manufacture of baskets, mattresses, door-mats, rugs, &c. is entirely satisfactory, and the articles made command a ready sale. The institution, however, is expensive and the Managers renew their appeal to the liberal for aid, to enable them to complete the amount which will entitle them to the donation of $10,000 from the state, for the purpose of erecting buildings, &c. There is no charity in our city more deserving of our fostering care.

Some curious things have been told of the members of the Maine Legislature. The annexed is one of them:—The Portland Advertiser says, it is stated "on good authority," that the members of our Legislature during the present winter, have consumed more than a hogshead of molasses made into candy. A wag has sent us from Augusta, a curious description of the figure that some of the honorable members cut with the sticks of molasses candy in their seats, and also an account of the smoke-room in the lobby near the hall of the house,—but we won't publish it. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.* The Legislature has adjourned. It is all nothing. M. C's cut odder figures than this.—They sleep and more on the sofas, and eat "crackers" with their legs upon their desks.

The intelligence from Europe which we publish today, possesses much interest. It will be seen that the new Ministers of England, on two very important votes, have been defeated. The election of Mr. Abercromby, as speaker of the House of Commons, over Mr. Sutton, cannot but prove a most mortifying circumstance to the tory party, as it affords an undeniable proof of the strength of the reformers. It is believed that the Ministers will be unable to hold their places for any considerable length of time.

In France there has been a change of Ministers, but whether the change will be adverse or favorable to an adjustment of the American claims, it is difficult to determine. A gentleman in Paris writes to a friend in New York, as follows:—

"Don't be frightened at a change of Ministry here. Whoever Louis Phillippe makes Minister must pledge himself to make the twenty-five million law a Cabinet question. Mr. Livingston told me, the day before yesterday, that he felt very confident of our success. My friend, Mr. Mechin, who wrote the book lately on the American claims, and who was the only man in Paris who predicted the first rejection, (which he did to me,) now predicts fifty to sixty majority in our favour, as he told me."

Much excitement prevailed in Paris, in consequence of the appearance of an anonymous pamphlet entitled "An address from a constitutionalist to constitutionalists," the object of which was to prove that the King governs and ought to govern, with a ministry whose duty at best should be to countersign his decrees, and thereby give them a constitutional character. This pamphlet has been attributed to the King himself, who seems to be daily losing the little popularity he possesses. The affairs of France generally evidence instability, and we shall not be surprised to find it a difficult matter to restore tranquility.

Speaking of the late cabinet dissolution, a Paris correspondent of a New York paper says:—

Ministers have given in their resignations—Marshal Mortier has quitted the presidency.—M. Pasquier did not receive visitors on Saturday morning, nor go through the usual duties of his office. The president of the Chamber of Deputies (M. Dupin) could not obtain an audience of the King, although he waited for two hours at the Tuileries. No one has been found to accept a station in a new ministry, the least reflection points with a warning finger to the fortress of Ham. M. Decazes has refused the War Department. But what does all this concern the King—has he not declared that he can govern with a single minister? He has sent off an officer of his palace to Marshal Soult who is in the country, to form a new ministry, but the Marshal cannot be here for some days, meantime, people are in a state of total discouragement—after all some temporary arrangement will perhaps be patched up, difficult as it may be for a man of honor to accept office under the restrictions the King imposes.

THEATRICAL.

The Walnut street Theatre will close this evening, after a very successful season. Mr. Wemyss, we understand, is about to open his establishment at Pittsburg.

The engagement of Miss Jarman and Mr. Ternan, at the Chesnut street Theatre, promises to prove as profitable to both managers and actors, as it is gratifying to the play-going community. During the week the house has been well and fashionably attended, and the performances have been entirely satisfactory. Miss Jarman is decidedly a favorite in this city, as she must be in all places where sterling merit is properly appreciated.

STOCKS! BANK STOCKS!

Fine times in Philadelphia—hotels crowded with western and southern merchants—business brisk—money plenty—stocks high and changing owners to prodigious amounts each day—and each business man to all appearance flushed with prosperity, a re-action on the distress of last year.

"Have you subscribed yet for Gas Stock? Northern Bank of Kentucky? Merchants Bank of Baltimore? If you have not pray lend me your name"—is a salutation heard by nearly every man, woman and child who can wield a pen, whether in street, alley, court, or school, within a few weeks past. The city cannot produce names sufficient. The villages, roads, and farm houses in the vicinity, are ransacked for proxies to subscribe for stock, of all of which there is scarce sufficient for a nibble for each name.*

For the 1000 shares of stock in the Philadelphia Gas works, there are from four to five thousand names subscribed, each for one or more shares. A lottery is to take place on Monday next, to say which of the hungry applicants, shall be lucky enough to catch a morsel.

The books of the Northern Bank of Kentucky open on Monday next, for twenty days in this city, for signatures. Ten thousand shares of $100 per share are allotted to the cities of New York and Philadelphia, amounting to $1,000,000 of dollars, and there is at present a probability of ten millions being subscribed for, which will have to be cut down pro rata to the stipulated quantity.

The Northern Bank of Kentucky is to be located at Lexington, Kentucky, with a capital stock of three millions. One million of which is to be taken in Kentucky, one million to be taken by the State and one million in New York and Philadelphia.

To give some idea of the amount of stock which has changed hands at this period of feverish excitement, we have prepared a condensed view of the principal sales at the Stocks and Exchange Board in five days, from the 3d to the 8th inst. premising that considerable private and public sales have taken place not embraced in it.

			par value
17 shares	United States Bank,	at 110¼	100
19 do	Philadelphia Bank,	at 102½	100
100 do	Far. and Mech's Bk.	168½@84	50
10 do	Commercial Bank,	at 66½	50
25 do	Mechanic's Bank,	at 53½	50
143 do	Schuylkill Bank,	at 62½	50
31 do	Girard Bank,	at 67½	50
53 do	Western Bank,	at 62	50
65 do	Manufac. and Mech's	69@70	50
90 do	Mer. Man. Bk. Pittsb'g	61¼@61½	50
75 do	Com. Bank Cincinnati,	at 107	100
226 do	Kentucky Bank,	33¼@34	30
50 do	Louisville Bank,	at 112½	100
238 do	Union Bk. Tennessee	66¾@67	60
120 do	Phila. Savings Institu'n	at 8¼	5
39 do	Phœnix Insurance Co.	at 90	80
115 do	County Fire Insurance,	at 54	50
77 do	Southw'k. Fire Insurance,	at 6¼	5
480 do	Schuyl. Navigation,	141¼@145	50
$5700	do loan 5's,	100¼@102	100
$3000	Union Canal 6's,	at 195	200
$9942	Penn. State loan 5's,	at 103½	100
130 shares	Lehigh Coal & Nav. Co.	at 87¾	50
2320 do	Del. & Rari. Canal at	105¼@108½	100
921 do	New Castle rail-road,	37¼@37½	25
1211 do	Norristown rail-road,	54@57	50
20 do	Phila. & Trenton R. R.	at 101	100
320 do	Reading rail-road,	at 6	5
225 do	Wilmington rail-road,	at 5	5

* Some of our country friends may be curious to know why so many names are required in taking stock. The solution of the mystery is, that when a much larger amount is subscribed for than there is to dispose of, the holders of the larger number of shares are cut down in greater proportion than small share holders. Thus he that subscribed for 100 shares receives no more than the subscriber for 10 or 5, but if he is attorney for 100 persons, each subscribing for one share, he obtains the whole amount.

We have been furnished with a printed copy of the report made to the legislature, by the committee appointed to investigate the charges made against the warden and officers of the Eastern penitentiary. It occupies forty pages and embraces full details of the proceedings of the committee, the allegations preferred against Mr. Wood, and a synopsis of the testimony adduced in support of the allegations. We have not space this week for any extracts showing the conclusions at which the committee arrived, but have great pleasure in stating that the vindication of Mr. Wood, is full, clear and satisfactory.

We learn that Mr. Harrington, the Ventriloquist, is about to close his very agreeable and popular performances at the Philadelphia Museum. Those of our citizens who have not had an opportunity of seeing and hearing Mr. H. should call in the course of the ensuing week. The entertainment he offers is, in all respects, pleasing and calculated to instruct as well as amuse.

Eight or nine persons made their escape from the jail in West Chester, Pa. on the night of the 3d instant. Two of them were counterfeiters. They effected their escape by sawing off the iron bars of the window that faced the jail, and then making a hole in the outer wall.

The election in Connecticut, for Governor and members of Congress, has resulted in favor of the Jackson party. Members of Congress are elected by general ticket, and it is alleged that the Jackson majority will be over 2000 votes. We shall be able to give particulars in our next.

The elections in Virginia take place on different days during the present month. In some counties they have already been held, but it is impossible, as yet, to form any opinion as to the strength of parties. The Globe gives these returns from Hennco county.

For Wm. B. Randolph, Administration, House of delegates,	419
For Jno. M. Botts, Anti,	379
Majority for Randolph,	60
For Wm. H. Rose, Administration, (not on the Bench,)	395
For Jno. Robertson, Anti,	385

FOREIGN PAUPERS.—A committee of the Legislature of Massachusetts have made a long report on the practicability of preventing the introduction of foreign paupers into that state. The opinion is expressed that the co-operation of all the States is necessary for the effectual removal of this evil. The annexed is a synopsis of the report appended to the bill:

"It proposes that no unnaturalized passengers shall land in our ports without a permit from the town or city officers—that every master of a vessel having on board foreigners, shall immediately report the name to the mayor or selectmen, on penalty of $20 for every passenger; that an inspector of alien passengers shall be appointed, whose duty it shall be to ascertain the history and intentions of all foreigners before landing and report particulars to the town or city officers; that false answers on the part of such passengers shall be punished by imprisonment—that bonds of $200 be required of the masters or owners of the vessels for charges that may accrue for passengers for the term of ten years, &c.

It is related in a Boston paper that a foreign pauper to the Boston Almshouse recently wrote home for his whole family to come out, stating that he had found good quarters; had meat three times a week, and otherwise fared sumptuously every day—and when the keeper asked him why he did not tell the whole truth, and say he had meat seven times a week, replied, that if he had told the whole, he was *a feared they would not believe him.*

LEGISLATURE.—The Improvement and Loan Bill was agreed to on Monday in the house on final passage, and sent to the Senate. The whole amount to be borrowed is ONE MILLION, ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-NINE THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED DOLLARS.

The following are the items:

To finish old work	$347,700
Salaries of canal officers	100,000
Repairs and damages	230,000
Amount of 1st section	$677,700
To extend to Erie	200,000
Towing path from Duncstown to Farrandsville,	80,000
Amount of 2d section	$280,000

The third section authorizes the Governor to borrow money to carry into effect the foregoing; to pay a debt due the Montgomery County Bank; and to carry into effect a law before passed, authorizing the purchase of steam engines for the rail-road, viz:

1st section	$677,700
2d section	280,000
To purchase steam engines	144,900
To pay Montgomery Bank	60,000
Amount to be borrowed,	$1,159,600

Death of a Sexton in the midst of his vocation.—The Stamford, Conn. Sentinel, has the following paragraph:

"We are informed that on the 30th inst. Jonathan Finch, at North Castle, Westchester co. N. Y. was called upon to open a grave for one of his neighbours.—While engaged in the labour he made a casual remark to the person who went to point out the spot for the grave that he did not feel very well. He was advised to give up the undertaking, but thought he should be able to accomplish it, and his guide went away, leaving him at work. Soon after another person went to the grave yard, found the grave half open, and Mr. Finch lying in it, struggling with the last agonies of death, and before he succeeded in removing him to the house he was a corpse."

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

Robbery.—We understand that on Sunday night about eleven o'clock, the auction store of Messrs. Smith & Richardson, in Third street, above Callowhill street, was broken open and rubbed of a considerable amount of watches, jewellery, &c.

An attempt was made on Friday night, the 3d inst. to rob the store of Mr. Elmes & Co. 101 Market st. The villains entered through a back window, and were rifling the store, when two persons who slept in an upper room were awakened, and coming down, drove off the rascals.

The Philadelphia Gazette states that the Girard College is advancing as rapidly as the nature of the undertaking will warrant. The whole building is to be of American marble, and it is be completed according to the plan adopted two or three years ago, it will be one of the most massive and magnificent specimens of architecture in the world.

Schuylkill Canal.—During the week ending April the 7th, 1835, the amount of toll received on the navigable work was $2,191 68. During the present season the Canal opened on the 17th of March, and the receipts of toll for the week ending the 7th inst. amount to $9,723 04, or more than four times as much as during the same period of the proceeding year.

A correspondent of Poulson's Advertiser says:—"From actual examination of the official documents, I am enabled to state that the amount of salaries and per diem wages paid the officers along the public works, amount, to $748,593 37½."

Arrest of a Counterfeiter.—High Constable Blaney on Monday last, succeeded in arresting a man named James Wilson, from "down east," and bringing him before the Mayor, where he was charged by a number of persons, with forging and uttering counterfeit notes, purporting to be notes of the Bank of U. S. He was held to bail in the sum of $20,000 to be and appears at the next session of the Circuit Court of the U. States.

A new post-office has been established at Lavanna, Cayuga county, N. Y. Gardner Coutester, Esq. has been appointed Postmaster.

Passengers are now conveyed the whole distance between Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, in a little more than four days, by a new mode of transportation, departing from this city, they take the rail road to Columbia, and thence embark in handsomely furnished canal boats, which they only leave at the mountains, crossing thence in the rail road cars, and, at the western termination, resuming the canal boats, and proceeding without further interruption to Pittsburgh. The meals are taken on the boats, and the nights spent in comfortable beds, while the boat is in progress.

It is said that the gold mines of the Southern States, will, this year, yield two millions of dollars.

Bank United States—On the the first of April the loans of the Bank stood thus:

On notes and bonds,	$37,373,747 73
Bills of Exchange,	22,926,468 96
	$60,100,216 71

The expansion during March was less than during the months preceeding, amounting to a little over two millions, making the total expansion, since the action of business recommenced after the panic, over fourteen millions.

The qualifications of Speaker are thus described by a member of the British House of Commons, in 1597; "For he that supposeth this place ought to be a big man and comely, stately and well spoken; his voice great, his courage majestical, his nature haughty, and his purse plentiful and heavy; but contrarily, the stature of my body is small, myself not so well spoken, my voice low, my carriage low-yer-like, and void of the common fashion, my nature soft and bashful, my purse thin, light, and never yet plentiful.

Mr. Laurist, of Boston, is now building, and will have completed in a few weeks, a Balloon of large construction, with which he intends shortly to make an ascension from some part of the city. It is made of Gold Beater's Skins.

The tolls collected on the Columbia Rail Road, from December 1, 1834 to March 28, 1835, amounted to $33,158 10. The tolls for the week ending 28th ult. amounted to $2,238 98.

The Massachusetts House of Representatives have decided by a vote of 390 to 37, that it is inexpedient to reduce the number of their body.

The Governor of Kentucky, has appointed the Hon. Thomas A. Marshall, an associate Judge of the Court of Appeals of that state, to the place of John *Chambers, Esq.* who declined the appointment. Mr. M. has been a representative in Congress from that state for the last four years.

Turn out.—We learn, by the Boston Daily Chronicle, that the Irishmen, employed on the Worcester Rail-road have turned out, en masse, for higher wages. Many of them had been committed to prison for threatening the lives of the overseers. The turn out took place on Thursday, 2d inst., and on Saturday order had not yet been restored.

"Partial evil is universal good."—Among the good results of an unusually severe winter, we learn by the Baltimore Gazette, that the cocoons of the caterpillars which have been multiplying in such abundance around the city for years past, are all killed. We hope however, the cocoons of the silk worms may not have suffered.

The Darby Republican proposes Hugh L. White as a candidate for the Presidency, with the name of W. H. Harrison, on the same ticket as a candidate for the Vice Presidency.

Mayor of New York.—The democratic citizens of the city and county of New York, assembled on Monday evening last, at Tamany Hall, and nominated Cornelius W. Lawrence, Esq. the present mayor, as a candidate for re-election, for the ensuing year.

A good hit.—The Mobile Register says that a gentleman lately arrived in that city from the north, and being asked how it happened that he was three days ahead of the mail, gravely replied, "I got out of the stage and walked."

"Coffee and Pistols for two."—A couple of young men, one of New York, and the other of Baltimore, left that city on Thursday, 2d inst. for the noted Bladensburg ground, where they exchanged shots, without wounding either, made up the quarrel and returned to Baltimore in good spirits.

Doctor S. L. Keahan, Editor of the Frederick Citizen, put an end to his existence on Thursday morning, 2d inst. by shooting himself through the head with a pistol, in the parlour of his boarding house. The deceased, we learn, was a gentleman of education. The rash act which he has committed must have been the result of momentary alienation of mind.

Too bad.—The Mobile Register of March 15th, says, they have been 23 days "without papers from New York." Can any thing be conceived more distressing? "Our sufferings is intolerable."

An editor's boudoir robbed.—Some thieves, mistaking their mark, entered the office of the editor of the Louisiana Advertiser, March 12, in the hope, founded on what reasoning we are unable to imagine, of finding plunder. All they were enabled to abstract was an opera glass, a pair of baby's silk stockings, five dollars from a breeches pocket, and a small pencil case. A pretty tolerable sample of what might *a priori* be presumed to be the inventory of an editor's paraphernalia. They had like to have carried off also a pistol ball, but that they sprang out of doors as the editor sprang out of bed. The poor fellow was doubtless a bachelor.

Charles Hammond, Esq. Editor of the Cincinnati Gazette, is writing a Life of Gen. Jackson. It will be ready for the press in the course of a few months.

An old Roman.—A skeleton was lately found near Maidstone, about 54 feet below the surface, much mouldered, except the skull and teeth, which were perfect. Near it was a plain Roman urn of clay. The body must have been interred there 1600 years at least.

Our readers out of the State of New-York, will be pleased to learn that the provision introduced by the Assembly prohibiting the circulation of bills of other States under $10 has been stricken out. It is only bills under $5 which are prohibited, whether of Banks in this State or other States.—*N. Y. Journ. of Com.*

Capt. Shreve, Uncle Sam's principal "tooth puller," is making rapid progress with his boat in clearing the raft from Red River. He has removed six miles already, and hoped to reach Coates' Bluff, Feb. 15th, when steamers may reach the head of the raft.

There is a brick making machine now in the course of erection near Louisville, which is to be worked by steam power, and is expected to turn out 200,000 well finished bricks per week.

Encouraging.—The Editor of the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal says, "true merit will certainly be discovered; and a man actually possessing extraordinary capacity and talents, can no more be kept long out of his appropriate sphere, than a volcano could be smothered by a napkin."

It has been estimated that the annual consumption of coffee in the United States, is not less than 80,000,000 pounds. Now, supposing that the average price is 12½ cents per pound this quantity costs nearly $7,000,000.

Severe.—The Baltimore Visitor states that Mr. Benjamin Hart, living on Miller's Island, in the Chesapeake Bay, about the 15th ult. "shot at the distance of about sixty yards, on the wing three geese in four:" and challenges all the fowlers north and south to produce a parallel.

True, no doubt.—A Petersburg, Pa. paper has been informed by a gentleman of German Townships, Fayette county, that a cow belonging to Mr. Young of that county, had recently had forty-one calves at a birth. Only one of the calves (which were about the size of rats) were alive. The cow was dead. The statement looks quite probable, every body will agree.

Very Flattering.—The Boston Whig says—George W. Dixon has given notice of his intention of establishing a daily paper at Lowell. His "Cannon," which erewhile was started at Stonington, Ct., we suppose has gone off with a concussion ere this: "kicked its career over." He is a very ram shd wood-minded fellow, and had better continue his occupation of a strolling singer.

Defence of New Orleans.—The Steam boat Henry Clay passed down the river, opposite Natchez, on the 9th ult. with fifty tons of cannon balls bound to New Orleans. A hundred tons of cannon have been ordered from the Pittsburg foundry for the same port—at least so says the Natchez Courier.

New Catholic Convent.—The Church of Rome has appropriated $6,000, for the establishment of a Catholic Convent, at Bertrand, Michigan.

Mr. Fanshawe has in press the Lady Superior's answer to Miss Reed's book. It will probably be published next week.

Library of the Capitol.—According to a Washington correspondent of the Portland Advertiser, the Library of the Capitol contains about twenty-five thousand volumes. The room is ninety-two feet long, thirty-four wide and thirty-six high. It is considered the most beautiful room in the Capitol. It is carpeted, furnished with tables, prints, models, &c. In the library are a bust of Jefferson, in marble, another in the same, of Lafayette, a plaster bust of General Jackson,—and an authentic portrait of Columbus presented by Mr. Barbet, late minister to Spain.

STRAW HATS.—It is stated that in the town (or township) of Franklin, near Wrentham, Mass. containing a population of about 1,700 persons, the value of straw hats manufactured by the females is between 75,000 and 80,000 dollars a year.

The valuable saw mill at Alloways-town, N. J. belonging to Messrs. Reeve & Brothers, was destroyed by lightning on Sunday last.

A new epidemic is at present prevalent at Cincinnati, according to the following paragraph from the Intelligencer of the 30th March: "There is an epidemic pain in the face, intermittent like ague, at present in town. It is a disease of the nerves, it is confined generally to a spot near the eye. It is treated with quinine. There is no other illness but the acute pain in one single spot."

The steam boat Providence, Capt. E. S. Bunker, arrived at New York on Thursday in the remarkably short passage of *fourteen hours and a half* from Providence, which is said to be the shortest passage on record.

Missouri.—The constitution of Missouri provides that in all prosecutions for libels, the truth thereof may be given in evidence, and that the jury may determine the law and the facts, under the direction of the Court. The Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives have been instructed to consider whether, under this provision, a man may be lawfully indicted and punished as a libeller, for publishing the truth. In their report, the Committee recommend for adoption by the Legislature, a resolve, declaring that the truth is a full justification and defence in all prosecutions for libel.

An English writer says, that Englishmen are on the average, one inch taller than Frenchmen, and Americans one inch taller than Englishmen.

The Moorish Lion was sold in Washington on Saturday, 4th inst. and was purchased by the agent of a Boston menagerie for $3350 cash.

Prince Ferdinand, aged 42, nearly an imbecile, succeeds the throne vacant by the death of that great *patriarch* of the holy alliance, the Emperor of Austria.

King William IV., in the latter part of February, was alarmingly ill, but quite recovered the 28th. Bernadotte has also been ill.

A woman named Pool recently died at Fitchburg at the advanced age of nearly 100 years. The most remarkable circumstance relating to this woman was her remarkable appetite. It has been for years her invariable habit to eat a hearty meal during the night, in addition to an uncommon quantity of food during the day. With this habit she could not dispense.—Though fortified with a supper of no ordinary dimensions, she was invariably aroused from her slumbers by the pangs of hunger, which could be appeased only by an inordinate quantity of food of the most solid description.

The proposition to abolish celibacy among the Roman Catholic clergy of Portugal, is said to have been received by that body with a lively sentiment of pleasure.

An evening school has been opened at Brighton for educating young sweeps. Their minds, which have been so long begrimed in the smoke of ignorance, will now become illuminated by the fires of genius—they will be ambitious to climb up the hill of knowledge, and scrape an acquaintance with the polite sciences.

There are 32 Irish Catholics in parliament—one less than last year.

There is a girl by the name of Mary Chapman, lately brought up before the London Police, who had hitherto been well known in London, as rather a dashing young fellow in frock coat, man's hat and segar in her mouth,—she followed the occupation of an itinerant ballad-singer and crier of the "last dying speech" of Newgate convicts. Her companions were two Miss Wansons,' and all three were ladies of rather doubtful character. After the denouement, and as the *gentleman* walked out of court, one of the other ladies said, they had travelled over all England together, and he had never been in a scrape before. Isabella said to him,—never mind my lad."

A Persian Pensioner.—I remember, says Tavier, to have seen one of the King of Persia's porters, whose mustachois were so long that he could tye them behind his neck; for which reason he had a *double pension.*

Lowell.—Preparations are making for the erection of *thirteen new factories* in this prosperous manufacturing town. A new worsted factory (if we mistake not the firm in the United States,) has just been put in operation.

TRADE OF THE WEST.—We have ascertained that above Zanesville, Ohio, goods can be brought to this city, cheaper than they can be carried to New York. The cost of transportation on a barrel of flour from Zanesville to New York is $1,63, to Philadelphia $1,58; from Wheeling to this city it is $1,50. By comparing the prices at New Orleans and this city during the past year, it will be seen that after deducting all expenses, the advantage is more than fifty cents per barrel in favour of Philadelphia as a market. A considerable quantity of flour from Wellsville district has already been despatched by the Pennsylvania Canal to this city. Large quantities of Hams and Bacon have also been shipped at Cincinnati for this market; and at least 6000 hhds. of Tobacco will be sent here from Kentucky and Ohio during the coming season.—*Com. List*

It is conjectured that trams are soon to be introduced in the ladies dresses. Then farewell to quadrilling and waltzing.

FRUITS OF PRUSSIAN EDUCATION.—Austria with 11 millions of inhabitants, has only one ninth the number of towns possessing printing presses that Prussia with the same population has, and one third less than Saxony, which has but a million and a half of population. Leipsic is the greatest book mart, then Berlin, then Stutgard, which publishes one third more than Vienna. "Ignorance is bliss," says the iron-crowned monarch of Austria.

Our private correspondences from Paris, under date of 14th Feb. says, that "the conciliatory course pursued by Congress has produced the best effect, and too much calculate upon a favourable termination of the affair of the treaty. All the leading bankers are using their influence to produce this result."

The majority of Denmark says, he is quite surprised at the pension for freedom of the press—he says he alone is a judge of what is good for the people.—Tender mercies!

Greece is in a very disturbed state.

It would seem the Mediterranean will be soon covered with steam packets. A line is being established between Marseilles, Malta, Athens, Lyra and Turkey.

Two thirds of Adrianople, the quarter inhabited by the Greeks, has been destroyed by fire—the value of English manufactures destroyed is two millions pasters.

A London paper says of Fanny Kemble, that her "style is slip slop, profusely interlarded with theatrical scraps, and odds and ends gleaned from behind the scenes, and now retailed at the expense of her generous friends, the Yankees."

Appointment by the Postmaster General.

Rachel B. Packer, (widow of the late Samuel J. Packer, Esq.) to be Post Mistress at Sunbury, Pa. in the room of J. G. Martin, Esq. resigned.

NAVAL FORCE OF THE DIFFERENT POWERS OF THE WORLD.—As it will be interesting at the present time to know the Naval strength of different nations, we have compiled with care from various sources, the following Table, showing the number of ships of the line, frigates, and smaller vessels, in the naval service of the various powers of the civilized world:—

COUNTRIES.	Ships of the Line.	Frigates.	Sloops, Briggs, &c.	Steam Vessels.	Total.
Great Britain,	165	217	324	40	746
France,	39	51	213	10	333
Russia,	36	25	107	4	168
Ottoman Empire,	18	24	90		132
Holland,	12	33	56	7	103
Sweden and Norway,	10	13	238		261
Spain,	1	3	30		34
Denmark,	4	7	14		25
Portugal,	4	6	37	2	49
Austria,	3	8	61		72
Sardina and Two Sicilies,	4	8	17		29
Greece,	1	2	25	2	30
Papalcies,			8		8
Duke of Tuscany,			1		1
Prussia,			1		1
United States,	7	10	24		51

It is necessary to remark, that, notwithstanding this list of formidable navies, the number of ships armed, or in a condition for active service, forms but a very small proportion to the sum total on the marine roll. Sweden, for instance, although possessing apparently such a powerful fleet, has seldom in actual service any but a few insignificant flouillas, merely to exercise her naval officers in naval tactics. The total number of British ships of all sizes in commission, for instance, in January, 1835, amounted only to 182.—France has seldom more than forty ships in commission, manned by 13,000 men, while Russia has always a larger proportion of active service.

BANKS IN NEW YORK.—We find in "Williams' Annual Register for 1835," (which is now in press and will soon be issued,) the following bird's-eye statement of the Banking Capital and business of the State of New York. It appears that there are in the State—

BANKS.	CAPITAL.
27 Safety Fund Banks	$25,631,469
10 Banks not subject to the Safety Fund	5,250,000
3 Branches of U. S. Bank	3,000,000
90 Banks	Total Capital $34,731,469

Capital, Circulation and specie of the eighty-six State Banks in Operation, Dec. 1, 1834.

	New York and Eastern States.	Canada Banks.	Total.
Capital	$19,261,500	$12,130,960	$31,4[illegible],460
Specie	5,257,534	1,987,671	7,245,195
Whole Circ'n.	5,936,476	10,894,538	16,731,014
Under Five Dols.	869,861	2,761,251	3,631,901
Five Dollars	630,575	4,012,445	4,643,120
Above Five Dols.	4,975,950	4,112,841	8,356,692

Postscript.

LATER FROM FRANCE.—The packet ship Francis L. at New York, has furnished advices one day later than those furnished by the President. The French Ministry has been so arranged, that there is every reason to hope for a speedy settlement of the American claims.

A letter from Paris, under date of March 13, says: "We are informed to-day, that the difficulties respecting the Ministry, are at length surmounted, and that the following arrangement is made, which will appear in the Moniteur to-morrow:—The Ministers remain as they were, with the changes of M. de Rigny being transferred to the War Department, and M. de Broglie being appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs and President of the Council. This will be favourable to the American question, and the report of the Committee will probably be made in a few days, and we have no doubt the law will be voted by a large majority."

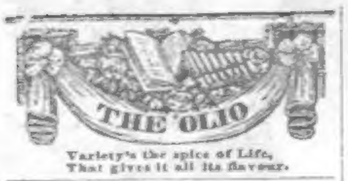
A letter from Havre, of the 13th, (written just at the departure of the packet) says,—"The report on the Treaty will be made to the Chambers on the 25th or 23d inst. No doubt whatever of its passage.

A banker at Paris, returning home some evenings ago from a ball, missed three things—his wife, his cashier, and the contents of his strong box. Having by some means ascertained that the fugitives were gone to Havre, he immediately followed them, and arrived at the Hotel in which they had taken up their abode, where he learned they were to sail the next day for America. Making a confidant of the landlord, the banker went to the chamber in which the two culprits were. At the first summons the recreant cashier opened the door—and throwing himself at the feet of his injured benefactor, acknowledged his criminality, and only supplicated mercy for his guilty companion, who lay trembling in the bed which he had just quitted, "Don't be alarmed, my worthy fellow," said the banker, "all I want is my money." The whole of this was immediately given up. The banker having ascertained that nothing was kept back, returned to the delinquent and offered him notes to the amount of 10,000 fr. saying, "This is for the service you have rendered me in ridding me of a vicious wife. You may set off with her to-morrow for New York, on condition that you sign an acknowledgement that you have received the money for the expenses of the voyage of yourself and Madame to the United States." The paper was signed, the door was closed, and the banker, having remained not much more than a quarter of an hour in Havre, set out on his road to Paris.

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

April 3.—Received from

Philip M. Tabb,	$107 99
P. F. Myers,	5 00



Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

The following pretty song, composed by Thomas Black, Esq. and set to music by Mr. Blanchi Taylor, is now all the rage in London.

THE MARINER'S LIFE.

On! the mariner's life is the life for me,
Floating along on the changeful sea;
When storms are raging, and winds are high,
There from billow to billow we quickly fly.

And when all revels on the ocean's breast,
We lay to sleep while the billows rest.
And dream not of perils or dangers past,
Or the raging sea and the storm's blast.

And tho' far away we are doomed to roam
From all that we love in our distant home,
Yet we whisper to every passing wind,
A prayer for those we have left behind.

And when our perils and dangers are o'er,
At last we tread on our native shore:
Our grateful thanks shall ascend on high,
To the Lord who guides the mariner's sky.

American Female Travellers.—"Well, Ma'm," said one of our inquisitive companions, to an old Indian lady, "you are going, I suppose, as far as Worcester?"—"Yes." "Further, perhaps?"—"Yes." "To Northampton?"—"Yes." "To Albany?"—"Yes." "To Buffalo?"—"Yes." "How much further?"—"Why, to Wesopotamia, in Ohio." "Bless me! all alone?"—"Yes, to be sure, it's nothing at all; there are stages, and steam-boats, and canals, and lakes, and rivers all the way; and it is not above fifteen hundred or two thousand miles." "And are you not afraid of accidents?"—"Accidents! why, there can't be accidents."—*Boston Reporter.*

MEYAERVAERA.—A Scotch blacksmith gave the following definition of metaphysics:—"Two lawlk disputes together, he don't listenin down ken what he that's speakin about means; and he that's speakin down ken what he mean as himsel—that's metaphisnics."

The wise the Dutch jomiso's opinion—

"Myneer, vat tink you of dis 'ere case?"

"Vy, Myneer, I tinks as you tink."

"I tink so too."

COUGHING AT A MASK.—Two young girls, speaking of the sad effects of the whooping cough, of which both were but recently recovered, one said how "her whole frame was affected, and that the blood ran out of her eyes and ears at the same time." "That," observed the other "was nothing to what I felt, for I coughed me of my shoulders out of joint."

PUFFING THE QUARTERS.—A young school Miss who had been taught that two negatives were equivalent to an affirmative, on being asked by a suitor for her consent to marry him, replied "No, no." The swain looked astonished and bewildered—she referred him to Murray, when, for the first time, he learned that "no, no" meant yes.

TAX ON BACHELORS.—A lady having remarked in company that she thought there should be a tax on the single state—"Yes, madam," replied Colonel ——, who was present,—and was a most notable specimen of unencompromising old bachelor,—"as on all other luxuries."

In a certain village lived a very boorish farmer, who, having a number of men hoeing in his field, went to see how he work went on. Finding one of them sitting still, he reproved him for idleness. The man answered, "I thirst for the spirit." "*Drink*, you mean, I suppose," says the farmer; "but if the hoe teaches you to thirst after the spirit, it says also, *Hoe!* every one that thirsteth."

Some Hours of Reverie—*An English work* VOTE.

The ant
Laden with one grain of sand, toils equal
To the camel that bears his heavy load.

EXPERIENCE.

The wisdom of experience is not wrought
Upon my brow, but its decumpetals
Has sunken into my heart.

ILLUSION.

The goblet of illusion when 'tis quaffed,
Can ne'er again be filled.

"You charge me 50 sequins," said a Venetian Nobleman to a sculptor "for a bust that cost you only 10 days' labour." "You forget," replied the artist, "that I have been 20 years learning to make that bust in 10 days."

A curious bust is just now exciting no little scandal at a hotel of one of the greatest watering-towns in Germany. In the *Lower den Vyngeara*, where travellers are requested to sign their names, and express their opinion of the accommodations of the house, the lady of an English Baronet, travelling with a learned lord, recently inscribed herself as

"*Lady* ——, very well satisfied."

Next followed—

"*Lord* ——, *extremely satisfied*."

After which some wicked wag has thought proper to enregister himself as the husband, who was quietly sauerkrauting at home in England—

"*Sir* ——, *he is uncommonly satisfied*."

Which entry affords daily amusement to the travelling English.

Lines to a patriotic woman not ever clean in her person.

You love your country mother earth;
Of this I cannot doubt you.
The soil is rich; but, from your birth,
Why carry it about you?

AN OFFICIAL MALAPROP.—In the year 1778, just previous to the French war, the Mayor of Dublin was in a coffee-house, when a gentleman was reading in a newspaper, among other items of news, that the French had "taken umbrage." The worthy wine merchant of Moths, who believed that "*umbrage*" was some fortified town, when he went home communicated his Gazetteer, and inding in his search, ended one of his friends who "Umbrage" was situated. The story got abroad, and the currency was immediately took advantage of it. A duel picture appeared,—"*Castle Umbrage*," mounted on an eminence, and the Mayor, with the Police, and the prime constable marching to possession to invest it! This story, as in the case with all good stories, lived on the Mayor of all the hour of his death.

On the rumoured Marriage of Lord Althorp.

'Twas late at noon, upon my life!
To say that Althorp (ad may judge it)
Would rush the burden of a wife,
When he could scarce sustain—his *budget!*

REVENGE LABIUM.

On the 11th inst. at Brighton, James Bayford, Esq., to Rose, daughter of the late Captain Bright.

"All their's *bright* roses bide!" so sings Tom Moore;
And lo! at *Brighton* the bride's *bright-rose* gone!
Yet, strange to say, in spite of poets' lore,
Although not *Bright*, the blushing *Rose* blooms on!

SINGULAR CURE OF A MADMAN.—A famous watchmaker of Paris, who had long resided his dreams about "perpetual motion," at length became insane. He imagined that he had lost his head upon the scaffold; that it was put on a heap with many others, and that the judges, from a change of weather, had ordered out the heads of the two their respective bodies again; but that it had taken to the incumbation. Under a strong impression upon his shoulders. He was admitted to one of the hospitals, where he spent his time in measuring time and life, and lamenting the fine set of teeth and whole system he had exchanged for those of very different qualities. He had somewhere heard, or read the strange story of St. Denys, who, after having his head cut off, took it up in his hands and carried it about, ever and anon blessing it. For a while the ridiculous story ran in his mind. One day some person happening to dispute the truth of the story, the madman undertook to defend it. His opponent heard him for some time, at last he burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, exclaiming—"What a fool you are to believe such a story! how could St. Denys have his head? Was it with his heels?" The unexpected retort had such an effect upon the madman that he betook himself to watch-making, and ultimately gained his health.

ASTLEY AND DUCROW.

Equestrians are of ancient date; classic lore gives many instances of them "Centaurs." The performances of Ducrow, however, certainly outstrip competition and exceed all I remember. All these persons are exceedingly ignorant. Poor old Astley used to talk of a "*Arcader-side* was stopped Hallexander's harmy, and, when our hopen, had a man in harmer to *his intellects*." He (Astley) had two or three hard words that he invariably mumpled; "pestilence" he always substituted for "pantaloons," and he was wont to observe that he would be a rained man, for he horses ate most successful. The present race of gymnastic professors have not cultivated an acquaintance with the orthodiametric. Monsieur Gouffee, the manmonkey, (who was born in the Borough,) received a letter from a poor Frenchman begging for relief. Whether in French or English, Gouffee was equally incapable of perusing it; the stage-manager, however, explained to him the nature of its contents, on which he advanced to the Parisian and gave him half a crown. "Monsieur, vous avez bien de la bonté," exclaimed the receiver. Gouffee, thinking that he supposed counterpoison was asking for more, said, "It's no use, darg it, for I an't no more silver about me." Or Ducrow it is said that, when mounting a lady of rank and title, and being mum on preserving or acquiring a character for gentility, he at last said, "Why, Mam, if you want him (the horse) to jumperon mam hold on behind and restrainate the *pervaders* into he sides." Of this man's extraordinary courage take one example: Her Clue, at rehearsal, declined ascending on the tight-rope from the stage to the gallery as a dangerous experiment. Ducrow said, "What, sir, afraid of hurting yourself I suppose. I'm not pretty, and have nothing to hurt; give me the pole." And in his daffidowndilly grace and slippers, he ascended and descended, to attempt admonishing silence to madness, and at which even the practised performers shuddered.

A REFLECTION THOUGHT.—Whenever care or trouble does come to me, it goes away, somehow, from my side, as I scatter along by the banks of the peaceful water; and it's a thrush, Miss Amy, take it from my lips, that a stroll along that grassy bank, about the time of the sunset will do more than make a sorrowful hour of the sunset will do more than make a sorrowful hour happy, it will make a happy one happier—aye, heart happy, it will make a happy one happier—aye, and will more than that, "will smoothen the wrinkle on the angry man's brow, and it will stale out of the heart of the worldly man in a hasty sigh, his envy, or his ill-will to his neighbour.—*John Bunim.*

SONG.

Young Roger came tapping at Dolly's window—
Thumpary, thumpary, thump;
He begged for admittance *she* answered him no—
Slumpary, slumpary, slump.
No, no, Roger, no—as you came ye may go—
Stumpary, stumpary, stump.
O what is the reason, dear Dolly, he cried—
Humpary, humpary, hump—
That thus I am cast off and unkindly denied?—
Trumpary, trumpary, trump—
Some rival more dear, I guess has been here—
Crumpary, crumpary, crump—
Suppose there's been two, sir, pray what's that to you, sir?
Xumpary, xumpary, numpy—
Wi' a downcastain look, he said farewell he took—
Frumpary, frumpary, frump—
And all in despair jumped into the brook—
Jumpary, jumpary, jump—
His courage did cool in a frithy green pool—
Slumpary, slumpary, slump—
So he swam to the shore, but he saw Dolly no more—
Dumpary, dumpary, dump—
He did speedily find one more fat and more kind—
Plumpary, plumpary, plump—
But poor Dolly's afraid she must die an old maid—
Mumpary, mumpary, mump.

SAILOR'S SORT OF PAPER MONEY.—"One morning, just after they had tacked ship, and made and, to stand as usual for the day, the man at the mast-head saw something to windward, bearing down under all sail for the port. Directly they saw this, they clapped every stitch of sail on her—'Man the royal and sky sail yards—top-mast, aloft! shake out all reefs—keep her close full, quarter-trazier,' says the skipper. 'Ay! Ay! Sir.' She was getting close to them now, and directly she saw them, she shortened sail, and tried to escape by coming to the wind, but it was no go. After chasing her for about half-an-hour they got within gun shot, and fired at her. She saw she had no chance of escape, and, afraid the frigate would take better aim next time, she hauled her colours down, and squared her main yard. Directly they seen that, down went the cutter, and a hull, a reefer, and the boat's crew went in take possession; when they got on board, they found she was one o' them Spanish galloons (galleons) as every body wanted to grab in the war time. Well, they put twenty hands aboard with a hull, to take charge of her; and the next day she sailed in company with the frigate for Plymouth, where they arrived, and got their prize-money paid. They were all well up for money, and as they did not know what to do with it, they determined that every man should have a gold laced hat, like skipper's; and when they went on shore, on leave, they bought each of them one, and the next day they all appeared on deck, in their gold laced fore-and-afters; and just before dinner, as they were almost all on deck, a shore boat comes along side, with one o' the fore-topmen in it, and some o' the fellers, looking overboard, saw the he hadn't a gold lace, but only a silver one; so they all said it was a shame, and agreed to go ait, to the first lieutenant, and ask him not to let the fellow come on board; but just as they were going aft, the fellow tried to come up the side, but he was soon stopped, and asked why he had'nt a gold laced hat on like the rest on 'em. They wouldn't hear what he had to say at the first, but went on abusing him for a mingy son of a gun; at last they consented to hear him, and then he told them that he tried every where to get one with gold lace, but he could'nt as there was'nt one left in the town, so he took a silver one, but made the land-crab take the same money as for a gold one. When they heard this, they were all satisfied, and allowed him to come on board, which was nothing but right, 'cause, you know, it was'nt the poor fellow's fault that he could'nt find a gold-laced hat, and if he had for one, this was all he could do—don't you think so, lads?" "Why, yes," said Jack Murray, who had returned from the quarter-deck, some time, and who now gave his opinion on this important question with the look of an oracle—"why yes, certainly, if so be as how he paid the same number of yellow boys for the silver one as the others did for their gold ones, he could do no more, so they ought to have let him come on board; but if he had'nt, ill be d——d if he should'nt if I'd had any thing to do with it."—"What do you say, Will" "Certainly he should'nt," said Will; "a man has his prize-money to spend, and he's no right to keep it screwed up in his pockes like old Nicholson."—*Monthly Magazine.*

THE DUTCHMAN'S ORATION.

The substance of an Oration delivered at a Barbecue July 4, 1833.—By Yost Leightenberger.

[Re-published by particular request.]

SHENTLEMEN SHITTIZERS.—I must dank you for de honors you hash bestowed upon me in bitching upon me for shbeaker, and I dinks you will not refuse pecause when a Techeman shpeaks he hash always someding to say. You know shentlemens dat we hash met in honor of a day when your Governs agreed to blay de Old Harry mit de English, and trive them over de vater to their own guntry; I say your governors, shentlemen, pecause at dat time I vas in Shermany, and dids run from mine guntry for drinking de bickle of a sheat-man's croat dub; but since I come here I gets more crout of mine own as he and all his family does own in deir life-time—but dat is nodder here nor dere. You vil exbect me to sbeak upon politics and I dare study a creat teal upon politics; and ven I gets mine tog-ish lined mit whiskey, I feels more pig as every body and cans dalk order religion or politics mit any man in de vorld, put dat is nodder here nor dere.

I shall compare dis government, dat ish de American government, to a *pig horsh*; and you know he must be pretty pig arder now could he carry so many peoples on his pack—put dat ish nodder here nor dere. All peoples acree dat he ish a fine horsh. Put some dink de French horsh could peat him, put I dinks ven he gets proke to de bridle, and hash good riders pon him, he vil out run dem both so far dat dey not sees his dail. Put he ish just like mine old horsh. I mean old Shitty: I cans make Sholly plough unde corn—I rides him to de market, de mill, de shtill house, de plack smith shop, and sometimes to de meeting, and he coes ash well ash any horsh; put only let one of de poys hit on hash pack a-tail pegin to gut deir capers mit him and he shows dem de ground and coes away vitout dem. Ven old Shorge Washington did ride him in de new American prade, and gained Yankee Shon pehind him, do he wash but young, he tgoes pretty well mit em, till de whiskey poys in de west parts of Pensylvania heen hold o' de pridle and dries to shtop de horsh and pull dem off; den he segins to shnort and shtamp and would have kil boor Mitchell, only old Shorge did save his life. And ven old Shorge would ride an hoger, dey pins Yankee Shon on pefore, and Dom Shefferson pehind him, and de horsh coes pretty well; only some dink dat Yankee Shon hold de pridle doo dight, and spur him doo much, and dry to ride like de English shockies. And when Yankee Shon had rid once round, dey buts Dom Shefferson on pefore, and dat gurk did Purr pehind him, and de horsh coes nicely. Put some dink dat Shefferson bay doo much for de Louisana prairies and see de cruse was shtrung of de mumins it would make de horsh sick; put it makes him trive and look shtick ash a mole. And ven Purr pegins to brick about his dail he gicks him, and dey buts Glinton on pehind. And ven Dom Shefferson's pruches wash worn and his pockside vas sore mit riding, and would ride no more, den dey buts Mad Shemmy on pefore, and along comes de English horsh mit a pran new shocky on his pack—de Bruce Reuben I dinks dey call him, and he panter Shermmy to a rashe, and Shermmy did not like to shart de horsh pecause he vash young, put de English shockey he keeps pantering him till Shemmy gets mad: so dey shtart for a rashe, and round de gourse dey went, helter shkelter. When first dey shtart on de sea Mad Shemmy keeps far ahead, de English Shockey could not smells him shtinck: put after a while de English horsh hash ground, and ash dey pass py Detroit, de American horsh make a plunder over an old Hell, and hads like to proke hish neck and de English horsh ket ahead; but at de Lakes Shemmy give hish whips a crack, and pass py de English shockey like a pird, and some dirk de English shockey hads lost him ship eder hish gun. Put ven dey game on to be blains at Washington, de American horsh trop dail, and de English shockey wave his cap, and shouts, and dinks he wins de rashe; put de American horsh soon gets hish werd again, and de English shockey could not douch him nor more to de end; and at de coming in place on de Orleans flats, de English horsh was tubbie tatanced, and de European shockies dink de American horsh is as good a horsh ash ever game on de dirt.

Fot, shentlemens, dese is one ding tosbe a creat teal of muchief—dere is no many vants to ride on de pack of de bublic horsh dey would be enough to kill him in tree days. One dinks dat he can ride him more petter ash dat one, and dey bet by de ears apout it. You tosh know vat I means, dere ish one vants to command on de ress; one wants to pe gommandery, dat he shall de soldiere out of deir brude and dair speck; another wants to pe bay master, dat he shpecials in dose days mooves, and if dey cans no bet deir ends ingreased, dey bet as mad as de yellow shakets ven de pear reaches up deir neat. Now shentlemen shtttenion, it ash blain ash tay tayligh dat we cannot all pe bloasdents, and gomtrowsers, and shurges, and shcreens, and de whole podentsom of officers, and some of us mosht on mount dem, for as I said pefore, if all wash to mount de bublic horsh dat vants to ride him, we should soon hit him ash tead ash a hammer. Yes, shentlemen, dere ish enough of de Hartford gouvention and dair friends ast on dere, to preak hash pack pone de first shump.

Now shentlemen, I own dat I loves money ash well ash oder beoples, and I dinks I could make it baster if I was bresident of de nation, or gomtrowsan, or shurge or shenerel, den I tose py selling mine crain, or pork, or putter, or pacon, put I never vas mad apout it—mine hent or mine heart never aches pecause I ish not on de bublic horse—and ash I cans nit set on his pack mine self, I dry to het nodh on as I dinks will not ride over mit rough shod, and dat ish all I gare for. I bloughs mine field all day, and ven I comes in at night I dakes a cood shuff crog, den I gets mine shmoke pipe and shmoke and me fran, den I cars to bed, and ash soon ash my prad ish town I am asleep, and I never trean apout gommissions. Shentlemen, I would nibrak more pollitics, but I see dem blagy gooks are caping as me, and lets do meet pym on de span, and de tatter will all pe shpoiled—so if you will hand me de pottle and de bitcher, I will pe shottroo de knee mit de groch of a pack saddle if I tish not take a good shwig do de long life and prosperity of Mad Shemmy and de BUBLIC HORSH.

RURAL ECONOMIST.

PRODUCE OF AN ACRE.

The Maine Farmer enumerates the following articles as the produce of a single acre of ground, the past season. The land was cultivated by Stewart and Wadsworth Foster. But the situation is not mentioned:

Half a ton of hay, one hundred bushels of potatoes, eighty bushels ruttees, greening and Baldwin apples, thirteen bushels of pears, twenty-five and a half bushels of parsnips, twelve and a half bushels of beets, six bushels of carrots, thirty-five and a half bushels of onions, one bushel of corn, one bushel of beans, two hundred and sixty pounds of Isabella and Lisbon grapes, two hundred and twenty-three cabbage heads, one hundred bunches of onions, carried to market, ten bushels encumbers, for pickles, twenty eight bushels of cider apples, eight pounds of dry sage, eighty-one apple trees, in a bearing state, and four pear trees, three bushels of currants, three bushels of turnips, one hundred grape roots raised and sold, ready to sell next spring, three hundred and fifty-two mulberry trees, in to sell, and a plenty of green sauce of all kinds, for two families.

RECIPES, &c.

Easy method of giving greater strength and firmness to thread, network, cordage and coarse cloth.—The bitumen of oak bark has been employed for scarcely any other purpose than that of the tanner; and yet it is applicable to a great variety of uses. If thread, cords, nets, coarse linen, &c. be steeped in it, they acquire greater firmness and durability. Fishermen have long resorted to this. Nothing is more apt to spoil than skins, and yet this preserves them. It is the same with hempen and linen cloth. Tarpaulin much gummy and resinous matter, which with candle tarras an envelop, and thus adds to their durability. Linen ought not to steep more than eight or ten days in this solution; it acquires a very brown color. When this color fades the operation may be repeated.

The best method of preserving nets and cordage is the following: dissolve two pounds of Flemish glue in fifteen gallons of water—dip the nets, &c. in this solution of oak or chestnut bark,—the same combines with the gelatine, and forms, between the fibres of the hemp, a solid net work which adds great strength to the cords. Any bark which contains tannin may be employed in making a decoction; so bones, parings of skin, remains of fish, &c. and generally all substances containing gelatin may be used in making a gelatinous solution. Fishermen who often throw away on the shore gelatinous fish, may use them for this purpose.—*Jour. des Connois. Usuelles.*

A tried recipe for Burns.—Keep on hand a mixture of solution of alum (four ounces in a quart of hot water,) dip a cotton cloth in the solution and lay it immediately on the burn. As soon as it shall have become hot or dry, replace it by another, and thus continue the compress as often as it dries, which it will, at first, do very rapidly. The pain immediately ceases, and in twenty-four hours under this treatment the wound will be healed, especially if the solution be applied before the blisters are formed. The astringent and drying quality of the alum completely prevents them. The deepest burns, those caused by boiling water, drops of metal, phosphorus, gunpowder, fulminating powder, &c. have all been cured by this specific.—*Idem.*

To remove a hard coating or crust from glass and porcelain vessels.—It often happens that glass vessels, used as pots for flowers and other purposes, receive an unsightly deposit or crust, hard to be removed by scouring or rubbing. The best method to take it off, is to wash it with a little dilute muriatic acid. This acts upon it and loosens it very speedily.—*Idem.*

Scotch method of preserving Eggs.—Dip them during one or two minutes in boiling water the white of the egg then forms a kind of membrane, which envelopes the interior and defends it from the air. This method is preferable to the varnish proposed by Reaumur.

Preservation of Skins.—J. Szegard, tanner at Tyrnau, in Hungary, completely preserves raw hides from putrefaction, and renders those that are tanned, by applying to them, with a brush, a layer of pyroligneous acid. They absorb it very speedily, and it necessarions no injury nor diminution of their value.—*Recueil Industrielle.*

Action of heat upon Razors.—It has been asked why, in time of fire, a razor, rather it be warmed, will not cut as about arresting the shot? It is because, when it freezes, the edge of a razor, examined by a microscope, is like a saw, as as soon as warmed becomes smooth.—*Idem.*

To destroy Catterpillars.—To 14 gallons of water add ½ lb. of common soap, the same quantity of flower of sulphur and 2 lbs mushrooms, (the poisonous kind.) Put the whole over a moderate fire and keep it stirring. Caterpillars, grubs, &c. watered with this liquor, immediately perish.

This recipe is said to come from Germany, where it has extraordinary success.

Ointment for Sprains, Swellings, and Rheumatism.—Simmer together for 15 minutes, half a pound of neat's foot oil, one gill of brandy, and one gill of spirits of turpentine.

The Poll Evil.—The following Recipe for the cure of that formidable disease of the horse, called the Poll Evil, is from the N. Y. Cultivator.

As soon as the tumor appears, make a strong decoction of the root of the meadow plant of vine, known by the name of *poison ivy*, and sometimes by that of mercury; bathe the tumor with this decoction every day, as hot as the horse will bear it; and heat it with a hot iron. In a short time it will begin to diminish, and in six weeks it will wholly subside. A very valuable horse of mine was attacked with this disease last summer, and two months after we first discovered it were consumed in experiments of various kinds, when I became discouraged, and gave up the horse as lost. The tumor became appaling, so much so, that the best of our farriers declined to undertake a cure, and advised me to sell my horse for the best price that I could get; when shortly afterwards I accidentally heard of the above remedy—I tried it, and with complete success. No trace of the disease remains, although when I commenced the application, the horse was so bad that he could not drop his head low enough to drink, unless he was driven into deep water. I have no doubt the remedy is a specific, if applied in time. How long before the tumor breaks, the application, to be successful, must be made, I am not able to say—but the tumor on my horse must have been three months advancing, before we commenced our application.

As I am ignorant of veterinary nosology, I hope you will give the technical name of the disease, and for the same reason I hope you will give the botanical name of the plant which effected the cure.*

* The technical name of the disease is *Poll-Evil*, the botanic name of the plant, *Rhus Toxicodendron, var. radicans.*

Recipe for making Vinegar.—You have copied from the American Farmer into your paper, "short directions for making vinegar," which are as follows:

"To 10 gallons of rain-water, add one gallon molasses and one of brandy—mix them well together, and place the cask in a garret or some warm dry place, and occasionally shaking it, in a few months it will be fit for use."

Twelve gallons of the above mixture will cost as follows, viz:—

1 gallon molasses,	$0 50
1 gallon brandy, (adulterated whiskey,)	1 50
	$2 00

I would propose a much cheaper way for families to be supplied with this indispensable article, viz:

Take one barrel of cider, pure juice of the apple, divide it into two parts—add one gallon clear rain water to each part, place the casks and them as above directed, and you will have thirty gallons of vinegar, of superior flavor and much more enduring body than that made of whiskey and molasses, and at the same or a much less price. The advantage of dividing the quantity is that it will be sooner fit for use.

Important to Tailors.

ALLEN WARD, Nos. 79 and 80 Arcade, Philadelphia, gives notice, that he has really patented what he calls the PROOF SYSTEM OF TAILORING, and now offers Rights, with explanations, models, &c., thereunto belonging, for the sum of *five dollars per annum*, payable in advance. The money may be sent in free by mail, or otherwise, whereupon the applicant will be furnished with a set of models and a diploma, the use of which will be explained; and any person desirous of the use of the system, after giving it a fair trial, shall have his money refunded, by returning the models, &c. unsigned.

N.B.—Information may be had as to price, Mr. James H. Clampett attends to receive the Trade against purchasing the above system from me, by saying that I am infringing on his Patent Right, and that he will prosecute all intruders, &c.

N.B.—Any person who shall wish to know, that Allen Ward has the only legal Patent Right to the above system, and does hereby warrant, and will for ever defend the title of such patent right sold by him against the claims of James H. Clampett, and of all persons claiming or pretending under him. And Allen Ward also warrants his systems to be more perfect, and better adapted to the use of fashionable tailors, than any other systems whatever, and a certificate to that effect, signed by a majority of master tailors of the city of Philadelphia. Also, as his office may be over several hundred testimonials of the superiority of his system. It is therefore with confidence he invites the curious to send in the work according to the terms above specified; and if more is not suitable to it, send it back and the money shall be refunded. "Fair play is a jewel."

Said Ward, continues he, publish quarterly, the Fashions according to the *Protractor System*, the price of which is ten dollars per year, payable in advance.

Letters with money inclosed may be addressed.

ALLEN WARD, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Card.

ELLIS MIDDLETON—SURGEON DENTIST,

North Fourth street, corner of the N. L. Rail Road, H. is permanently located in Philadelphia—has been a member of the profession six years, and can be consulted from 7 A. M. until 8 P. M.

Complete sets of Teeth on Gold Plate, $100. Single Teeth Natural or Incorruptible, from $2 to $5 00.

Teeth plugged with Gold $1 00. Extracting Teeth, 50 cts.

Fitting Teeth, 50 cents, and other charges not enumerated.

References—Dr. Joseph Parrish, (my medical preceptor,) Dr. Charles Noble, Dr. Joseph Warrington, Dr. F. Turnpenny, Dr. Isaac Joseph Thorne, Edward S. Garrigues, Michael Knorr, Isaac Knorr, John Hart, John Kennedy, Tapley Johnson, Franklin S. Heath, J. R. H. Shinn, Joseph Maxfield, Henry Kurt, and others if required. ap 4—ft

Wanted to Hire,

A HAND by the year. He must understand farming and the management of Horses. Unquestionable testimony for honesty, sobriety and capability, will be required. Inquire near the Oxford Church, of

C. F. BUCK.

mar 28—3t

Property for Sale.

FIVE HOUSES, situate on a lot running from Booth st. to Penn street, nearly opposite the Cotton Factory. Keys on the premises. Also, two lots on Frankford road, near the market, for sale. Inquire of

DANIEL BLACK,
No. 19 Front and Read

Hacpelah Burial Ground.

THE public are respectfully informed, that the above Burial Ground, situated on the N. E. corner of Penn and Fourth streets, in the Northern Liberties, is now open for the reception of interments, at the following rates, viz:—For children under 5 years of age, $1; from 5 to 15, $1 50; and all persons 15 years old and upwards, $2. For the use of the mourning coach provided for the occasion, $3. For the use of the hearse, $3. All persons intending to use the said Burial Ground are requested to inform either of the following persons, viz:

William Ashmead, President, No. 18 Old York Road, 24 door above Second street.

Charles L. Hamilton, Vice President, Vine above Broad st.

Thomas W. Norton, Secretary, S. W. corner of Thirteenth and Filbert streets.

Peter Widdowes, Treasurer, North-east corner of Second and Almond streets.

Or to either of the following named Directors

Robert Evans, N. E. corner of Chesnut and Passyunk road.

Jacob Ecker, Sr. 256 North Fifth street,

Joseph Ellis, No. 146 South Fifth street,

John Thompson, Jr. No. 204 South Fourth street,

William Gaul, No. 308 North 8th street,

A. M. Mitchell, No. 1 Dock street, (late 16 a above Race.

John Farrell, No. 31 George street,

John Lawrence, S. E. corner of Walnut and Second streets.

John D. Rivers, No. 39 Quarry street,

Peter Widdowes, Jr. No. 1 Dock street, (Bookseller.)

John Coates, Jr. S. E. corner of Sassafras and Second streets.

A careful superintendent resides on the premises, and if any of the persons to whom are the said Burial Ground have appointed, shall neglect to attend to the duties appertaining to said ground, and the Board or Directors have omitted to point in rendering their Burial Ground a source of gain opposite for all those who may be interested in their care.

Persons wishing to purchase lots, can receive additional Deeds for their respective lots and those wishing to make alterations, are requested to call on the President or Secretary, in order that they should not be disappointed, as they regularly signed and registered previous to the interments.

By order of the Board of Directors,

THOMAS W. NEWTON, *Sec'ry.*

Spring MILLINERY.

MISS E. JOHNSON'S next to expected by the first vessels from Havre, a large assortment of

Spring Millinery,

which they will open on Thursday and Friday, March 30th and 31st. No. 38 Chesnut st. on doors all are Eighth street, South side. mar 28—3t

Assignment.

NOTICE is hereby given, that Joseph Carr, of Mount Holly, in the county of Burlington, and state of New Jersey, and Ruth N. his wife, have this day made and executed to the subscribers a deed of assignment of all their property, real and personal, in trust for the benefit of the creditors of the said Joseph Carr, pursuant to the act of the Legislature of New Jersey in such case made and provided. All persons indebted to the said Joseph Carr, are requested to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the said Joseph Carr, are required to present the same to the subscribers.

PETER V. COPPUCK,
ANTHONY F. ROBBINS,
Assignees.

Mount Holly, March 23, 1833. mar 28—3t

Merino, Thibet, and Cashmere Shawls

CLEANED, on Prench Carmil, and the colours warranted not to fade

All Shawls cleaned by the subscriber, are warranted to be done equal to any in the city. JOHN JONES,
No. 29 North Fifth street, between Market and Arch. mar 28—3t

Wm. H. Miller,

HAS taken the establishment stand of the late Wm. Frost, No. 32 Bread street, Philadelphia, where he is prepared to carry on the Dying and Scouring Business in all its various branches. In Dressing and Repairing Woollen and Cotton goods, he has had a full share of the first premiums awarded by the Franklin Institute, and feels confident that he can give general satisfaction. He boasts the advantage of the most approved and recent methods in the new and improved method. His mode of treating Bombazine, is neither any other mode of dressing, he will engage to give a finish equal to those of the best foreign manufactories.

☞ Mourning Dresses dyed at the shortest notice (Crapes and Ponts most approved and dyed. mar 28—6t*

Ornamental & Fruit Trees.

BARTRAM BOTANIC GARDEN.

THE subscriber has for sale at his Garden and Nursery, Kingsessing, near Philadelphia, a large assortment of Fruit Trees of suitable sizes for planting, consisting of a general variety of Apples, Pears, Cherries, Prune Peaches, Apricots, Nectarines, Almonds, Mulberries, Quinces, Grapes, Raspberries, Gooseberries and Currants, together with a large assortment of Plants, Trees and Ornamental Trees, Flowering Shrubs, Evergreens, Vines and Creepers, Honeysuckles, Roses, Carnations and Picks, Herbaceous Perennial Flowering Plants, &c. &c., comprising at present an assortment of about 1000 kinds.

Orders, per mail, or left at Alderman Bartram's office, No. 126 Walnut street, will meet prompt attention, and the articles will be delivered in Philadelphia, or forwarded to order, per wagon, to any part of the country, at the lowest prices.

My Catalogue, containing a full description of the above, will be sent to any part of the United States.

ROBERT CARR.

The usual annual spring public sale at Plants, including a large collection of the finest kinds, will be held on the 20th of April, of which due notice will be given in the papers.

☞ 2000 PEACH TREES, of the finest sorts and large sizes. mar 28—6t

Wm. D. Nolen,

Surgeon Dentist and Manufacturer of Porcelain Teeth,

No. 134 NORTH EIGHTH STREET, PHILADA.

mar 7 '33—1y

Sumac

WANTED, for which the highest market price will be given by ANTHONY F. ROBBINS,
No. 22 Chesnut street.

Specific Ointment,

(The only True and Genuine of Dr. Wm. Judkins,)

for the Cure of

WHITE swellings, sore eyes, ulcers, glandular tumors, felons, rheumatic pains, sprains and scalds, bruises and burns, inflammations in women's breasts, glandular swellings, old and fresh wounds, tetters, chilblains, piles, ring worms, ringbone, and all diseases of the skin.

For sale wholesale and retail by the proprietor,

JAMES B. GLASCOE,
Upper Market street, Delaware, south side, and
PETER LEHMAN,
220 Market street, Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—I beg leave to state to the public, that there has been a sale of the Ointment, that has been for some extremely sold in the city and elsewhere, which (I am sorry to say) is not well prepared nor fit for use, except in two or three glasses in that city—and after this date it will be prepared by JAMES B. GLASCOE, only, and I take pleasure in recommending that prepared by him as the genuine by Dr. Judkins. Also, that every box will be signed, and may be inspected by the before it is offered for sale. The public, therefore, are cautioned against purchasing any that has not the signature of James B. Glascoe, (written on every box) the writing of which is indelible and not to be erased. WM. JUDKINS.

mar 28—3m

Caution to Tailors.

As the Profession have derided that A. Ward, is infringing on the Patent Right of Mr. Clampett, for a certain examination, I caution with the same, and enter my protest against any using his system, or any other, which has a fixed point on the bump of the nape over the shoulder, with direct measuring lines to and from it, as I have a right to believe the *same effect without improvement*." The law defining that such is now subject to a prosecution, and which I am determined to exercise and maintain my just rights against every infringement, and *fleecing intruder*. "Caution is the parent of safety."

A grateful acknowledgment I owe to my friends of Washington, Philadelphia, and the city, for their late liberal patronage. Paris and London fashions received per last packet, and to be delivered in Philadelphia, by the 20th of April, of the latest and most approved style.

THOMAS ROWAN, of Washington, D.C., A. B. Nimde, of Baltimore, Md.; and J. B. Chappell, of Philadelphia.

TERMS—Plates over 500 inhabitants, $15; over 1000 to 5000 inhabitants, $10; over 5000 inhabitants, $25; over 30,000 inhabitants, $30; over 50,000, $35; and 100,000, $40.

Payable, $25 on the order, and $25 on the receipt of each year until paid. ☞ Warranted to fit all shapes.

J. B. CHAPPELL,
Philadelphia.

mar 28—3*

Ladies' Institute,

No. 255 Market Street, Philadelphia.

A BOARDING and DAY SCHOOL, in which are taught the general branches of a female education, with the useful languages and Piano-forte music.

Terms for the substantial branches per quarter, from 5 to 30 dollars. Lessons in French, on the Piano Forte, Drawing, and various kinds of Painting, and other ornamental branches, extra charges. Boarders, per week, for board and washing, &c. made known on application.

Also, a Juvenile, Boarding, and Gentlemen School, for the education of Children. Terms per annum $20.

Principal, M. A. WRIGHT.

feb 7—mw3f

Rheumatic Expulsive Cordial.

A Sovereign Remedy for the Gout and Rheumatism.

THE astonishing efficacy of this medicine, in Gout and Rheumatism, continues to be demonstrated by experience, and it is offered to the public as a Sovereign Remedy for those complaints. The concoction is entirely innocent, and it may be taken safely, being free from all deleterious drugs. Its power over the diseases for which it is prescribed, is truly wonderful, ever proving an unfailing and permanent remedy in the severest cases. Numerous are the testimonials in advertised cases, and it is acknowledged they are indisputable) are invited to try this, which is believed to be the only sure remedy for Gout and Rheumatism ever discovered. To the poor it is bestowed gratis.

Sold by the Agents. BLANKMAN & Co.
mar 14—mw3m 293 Walnut Street.

HARSHALL'S Concentrated Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla,

FOR THE CURE OF

Obstinate Eruptions of the Skin,
Pimples or Pustules on the Face,
Boils which arise from an impure habit of body,
And all disorders arising from an impure state of the blood, pre-existing either by a long residence in a hot and unhealthy climate, the use of mercury, or other causes.

THIS very convenient and active form, in which combinations of the Sarsaparilla are offered to the public, is the result of much study, and the most extensive practice, and is confidently recommended to the afflicted, as containing, in a concentrated degree, all the virtues of Sarsaparilla, in the most powerful form, and is the most active enemy of the taint of the system.

For sale wholesale and retail by the proprietor,

DAVID STONE, Druggist,
Corner of Fourth and Race streets, and N. W. corner of Third and Walnut streets; Dr. J. Morton, S. E. corner of South and Fourth streets; and Dr. M'Clintock, at the north-eastern Bazaar store.

mar 7—3m

East Bradford Boarding School, FOR BOYS.